THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXX.—No. 1567

DECEMBER 27, 1933

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# The BYSTANDER

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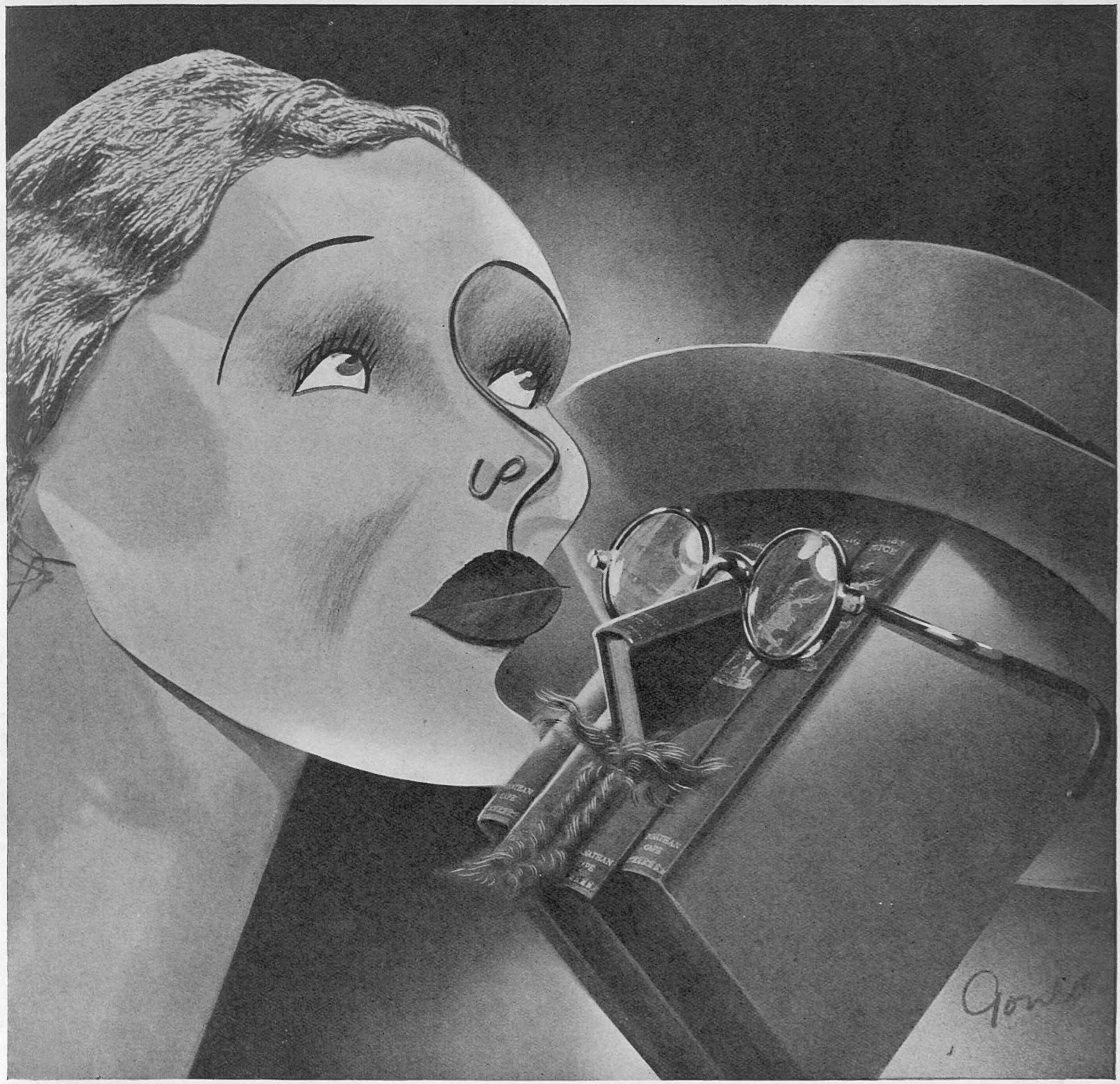
# SPAIN PROGRESSES-

*but keeps its charm!..*

The Bystander, December 27, 1933

No. 1567. Vol. CXX.

# The BYSTANDER



Devised by Macsee

Caricatures by Gould

## "Murderous Marriages": No. 7. Peggy Hopkins Joyce and James Joyce

*This week our caricaturist presents to you that well-known trans-Atlantic character, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, and the Irishman, James Joyce, author of "Ulysses," whose wanderings he appears to copy. The materials which our unconventional artist has used this week to secure his effects are a skein of silk, cardboard, a leaf, and some bent wire for one face and four volumes of the author's works, a Homburg hat, a pair of spectacles, and some hair pulled from a fur rug for the other*

"Well, anyway—you're gonna look like the portrait!"

# Standing By...

## A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

**By "The Bystanders"**

An important event, sweet pretties, has been the attempt by the Parliament boys to identify the Monster of Loch Ness. Amid the fog of guess and haphazard conjecture and cranky theory, we alone are able to furnish authoritative news. By means of our far-flung detective organisation, we have discovered definitely that the Monster is not: (*a*) a lesser chit-chat; (*b*) a pale-green lizard in fawn gaiters and an old-fashioned Trilby hat; (*c*) Mr. Cecil Beaton; (*d*) any M.F.H.; (*e*) "Les Girls"; (*f*) Les Debs; (*g*) Mr. Montagu Norman. Beyond that we do not propose to commit ourselves just at present, except to say that Mr. Charles Laughton has established an alibi.

***Our Rounders Corner***

The reply of the M.C.C. to the Australian Board of Control is likely to cause a sharp slump in the shares of the cable companies. Ever since that vast and somewhat erratic Continent made the simultaneous discovery that it dislikes the colours of the Harlequin cap, and that cricket is played with a hard ball the wires have been humming with long and expensive messages. In all sorts of unlikely places, such as Strathpeffer and Gospel Oak and Ascension Island, shareholders have been putting their feet on their mantelpieces and giggling weakly at the enormous dividends that their cable shares were obviously going to yield them. Now the boom is over. The M.C.C. have most unkindly said that all this cabling must stop. Incidentally, this action scotches the rumour that the august body at Lord's was going to change its name to the Marylebone Cabling Company.

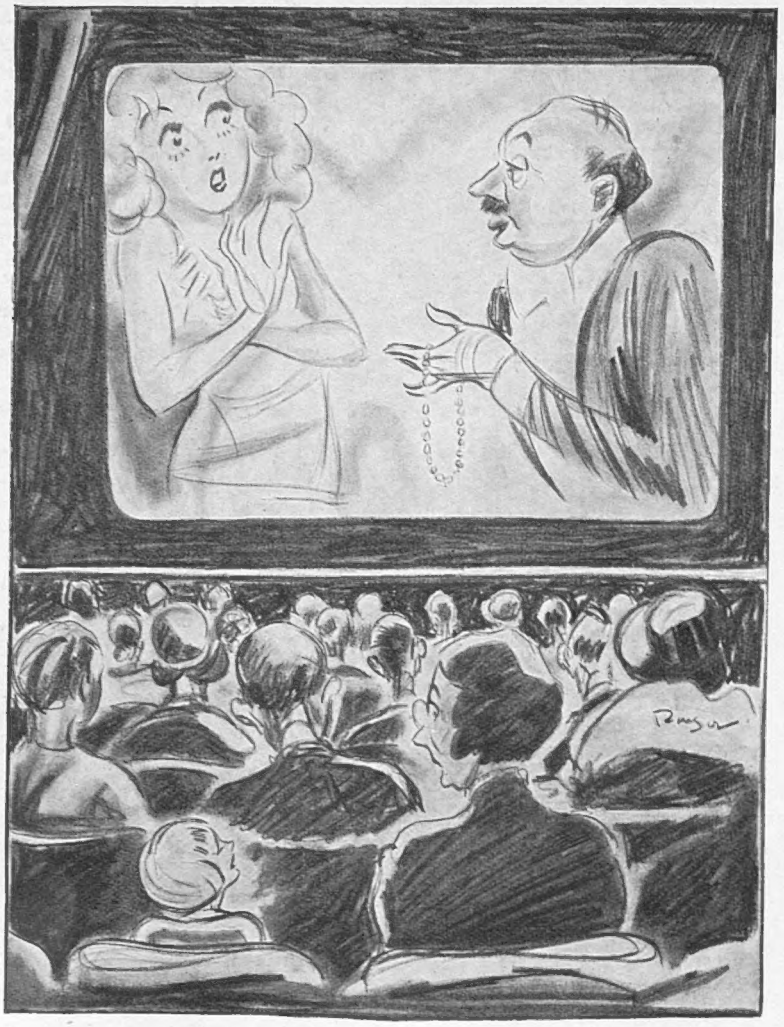
***We're Not Going a-Milking***

There is desperate work afoot in the underworld of London. Contraband milk is being sold at a price less than the price fixed by the Milk Marketing Board. This is rank buccaneering. Piracy, pure and simple. Positive barratry. Some of the poorer districts are actually being provided with milk by a gang of unscrupulous scoundrels at twopence-halfpenny a pint. It is rumoured that this wicked racket is being organised on modern lines, and that Milk Row will soon become as notorious as the other Row which used to supply wood-alcohol, methylated spirits, and alleged claret to America before Roosevelt's Brain Boys got busy. We want to make our position as good, clean citizens perfectly clear. We do hereby pledge ourselves not to drink a single drop of this contraband milk, even though the price comes down to twopence a pint, and even though the milk-ho racketeers drive up and down the Mall in armoured cars and bury each other in silver coffins. That is our last word on milk.

"TAXI!"

***That Freedom, Dash It!***

On account of the historic meeting on March 26, 1918, at Doullens, at which it was decided by Lord Milner, Haig, Clemenceau, and Foch that Foch should be appointed Generalissimo of all the Allied Forces, Lady Milner was recently given the Freedom of Doullens. By heavens, we could have done with the Freedom of Doullens ourselves once, years ago, when the Hotel des Quatre Fils Aymon was in full swing and Germaine was selling gloves in the little shop at the top of the



*"Auntie, what is a fate worse than death?"*

## *THESPÆANS*

### No. 13.—Sir Gerald du Maurier

THE old-time pro. was wont to show
A certain disregard for clothes,
His chin was blue and rough to view,
Whilst red as roses was his nose.
He ranted hard—th' Immortal Bard
He 'd quote at length when off the boards,
And did not think it wrong to drink
In vulgar pubs unknown to Lords—
A common creature, I confess,
Unhonoured by the haute noblesse.

But—praises be—no more we see
This product of a vulgar age;
Now actors vie to raise on high
The social status of the stage,
And, Prince of those delightful pros.
Whose culture, charm, and wit is such
That in this age our English stage
Is raised above the common touch,
Supreme Sir G. reigns, to impart
Fresh lustre to the Thespian art.

He 's all the rage when on the stage
He lights a filtered cigarette;
Likewise, the grace with which he 'll place
His hands in pockets thrills us yet.
The easy way in which he 'll play
A debonair and dashing part
Makes all Mayfair grandes dames declare
They 've fallen for him from the start—

* * *

That 's great, of course, but I 'm not sure
Quite how he 'd score at Spennymore!

B. W.

street. Dear Germaine! How lovely she was, and how fearfully stand-offish. If we bought one pair of gloves in her shop we must have bought twenty—dancing gloves, motoring gloves, yachting gloves, gardening gloves, every sort of glove. But do you suppose we got the Freedom of Doullens? We did not. And now Lady Milner gets it. A bit hard, we call it.

Mr. Harry Welchman, if this should meet the eye of, may agree with us.

***Oh Dear! Oh Dear!***

THE Governor of Rome is called Prince Boncompagni-Ludovisi. It seems a pity that Providence, having started out to make a really good joke, should have spoilt the effect by stopping half-way. Boncompagni-Priestli would have been an absolute winner, and the Governor would almost certainly have been, by this time, a Freeman of Bradford and Huddersfield, an honorary member of the P.E.N. Club, and a life-member of the Book Society.

***Interval for Self-pity***

HOW can we poor hacks be expected to compete with real life when we pick up our papers and find a paragraph which begins, "Found

*"George, she wants you!"*

dressed as a woman and lying helpless on a milk-churn"? The thing is too difficult. If we had invented that opening for one of these brilliant paragraphs, we should have been greeted with the nearest approach to a howl of derision that your elegant Cupid's bows, lovely ones, could manage. But there it is, in black and white. It does not matter that it is almost impossible, if not entirely impossible, to lie on a milk-churn. The thing is true, and it cost this inglorious Achilles a matter of five-and-twenty bob in a hard and bleak police court.

***We Go All Wigan***

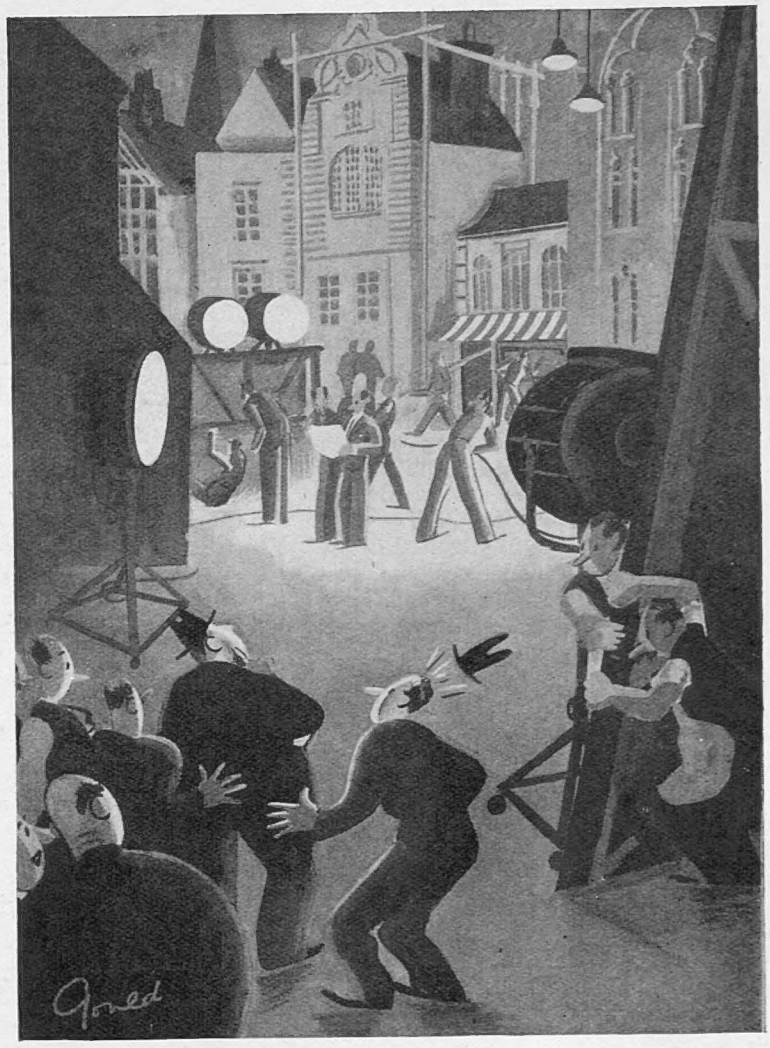
AN exhibition has just been opened of manuscripts and printed books illustrating six centuries in the history of Wigan. [Editor (sharply): "Come, come, that won't do." Ourselves (plaintively): "Give us a chance, Governor."], and there are some folios from the reign of Edward II. which are alleged to throw light on the famous legend of Mab's Cross, which Sir Walter Scott used in *The Betrothed*. The essence of the legend is that Sir William Bradshaigh stayed away from his wife, Dame Mabel, for a very long time, and our august and revered contemporary, the *Manchester Guardian*, says that "the absence has never been credibly explained." We hold no brief (not having received any money for doing so) either for or against Dame Mabel, but we feel that we can explain Sir William's absence for a long time perfectly credibly by pointing out that it was Wigan he was being absent from. We ourselves have contrived to be absent from Wigan for nearly forty years, and the *Manchester Guardian* does not write anything about us. And, anyway, why was Mab's Cross?

***Giant Brain***

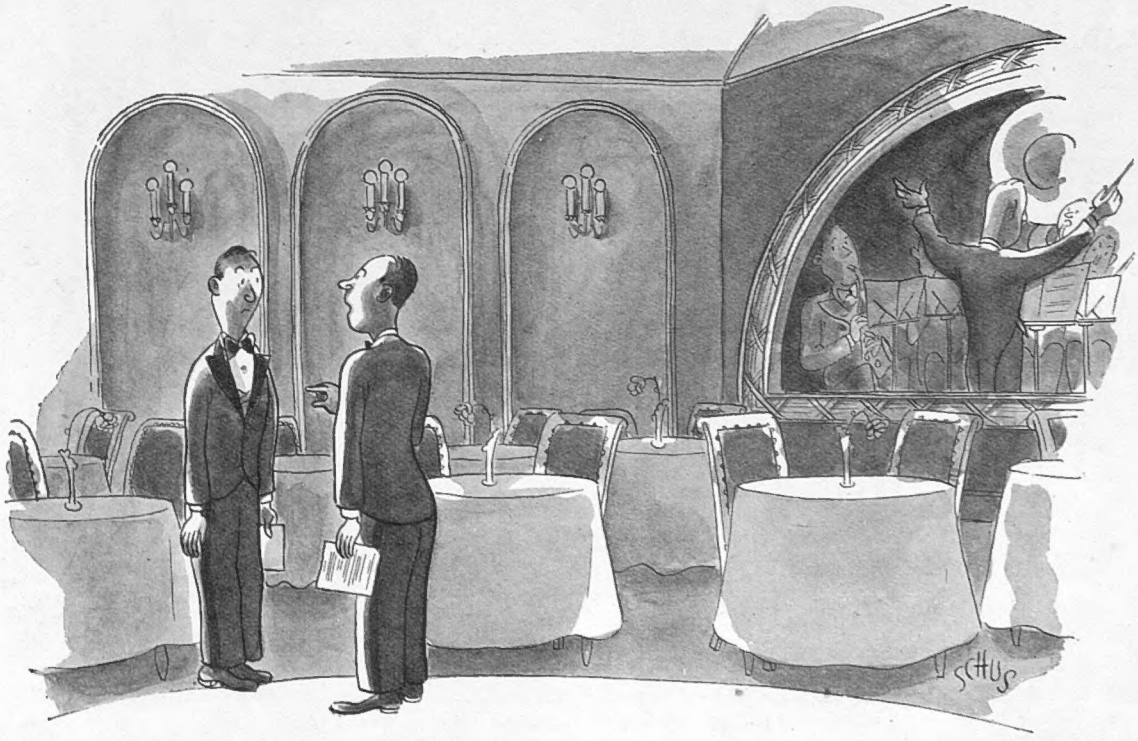
LORD HAILSHAM is one of our rulers, and therefore a Great Man. But we find it a little difficult to follow him when he says in a speech, as he is reported to have said, that the last thing the British Army exists for is war.

***Most Nobel Hitler***

THE news that Poland and the Free City of Danzig are going to discuss their little differences in a spirit of friendship and good will is another argument in favour of giving Herr Hitler the Nobel Peace Prize. No man has achieved such miracles of reconciliation as he has, and all over Europe the appearance of that ancient Oriental sign, the Swastika, has been the means of bringing old enemies together in the most startling way.



*"I guess we'll make it a woodland scene, after all"*



*"To-night it's your turn to sit down and let me wait on you"*

***All Honourable Men***

IF there is one game which has remained immutable throughout the ages it is the game of drafting war communiqués. No Commander-in-Chief of an army has ever been fairly and squarely defeated, if one is to judge by his own version of the affair. The Paraguayans and Bolivians are fully maintaining the fine old tradition. The Paraguayans have won a decisive victory; their capital is delirious with delight; it is impossible to estimate the extent of their booty.

The Bolivians, on the other hand, have won a decisive victory ; their capital is delirious with delight ; it is impossible to estimate the extent of their booty.

Old soldiers like ourselves, however, who fought in the Crimea and followed Sir Garnet Wolseley to Ashantee, can tell at a glance which side won, for the Bolivians have promoted their Commander. According to the best British precedents, that is a sure sign that he was heavily defeated.

***Us Athletes***

WE played golf during the week-end and hit the ball prodigious distances. Jealous friends—and who so jealous as a friend?—suggested that the added length on our tee-shots was due to the frost-bound turf. But we knew better. We had discovered just that little secret of timing which gives the real snap to the downward swing, just that extra punch which makes the ball really travel off the club-head. We are perfectly prepared to admit that the frost made the short game practically impossible, for the ground near the greens was as hard as iron. But not through the green. Oh, no.

***Headaches for Passport Officials***

FOLLOWING on the puzzling question to which we referred last week about "When is a South African not a South African, but an Englishman?" (the answer to which, you may remember, is "When he has a Welsh name"), comes another neat nationality problem. The Japanese Ambassador in Berlin has asked the Nazi boys whether Germans with Japanese blood in their veins would get into trouble with the true-blue, hundred-per-cent. Prussians, and the reply is that Japanese are to be reckoned as Germans, and Chinese are Germans, and Indians are Germans. As the ticket-collector said when asked if a tortoise required a ticket : "Dogs is dogs, and cats is dogs, and rabbits is dogs, but that there animal is an insect and travels free."

Meanwhile the Davis Cup authorities have got a nice little headache before them if Herr Hitler invites Satoh to play for Germany.

***Us Politicians***

INCIDENTALLY, are we not right in thinking that Germany was only admitted to the post-war competition for the Davis Cup after she joined the League of Nations? And if so, what about it, now that she has resigned from the League?

***High Jinks in Jamaica***

THE enthusiasm in our West Indian islands over Mr. Melville Cooper's banana-mastication is unbounded. His score, as we last recorded it, was 156. It has now risen to 188, and all over the plantations of Jamaica dusky citizens and black-hued Susans are hugging themselves (but not each other, we trust) at the thought that *Laburnum Grove* is having four matinées in one week of the Christmas festivities, and that, in consequence, Mr. Cooper will have to eat even more bananas than before. We understand, on fairly bad authority, that a call-boy at the Duchess Theatre was recently removed to hospital, suffering from a sudden thickening of the left ear. It transpires that the merry lad went into Mr. Cooper's dressing-room, gaily whistling an old favourite tune of Queen Victoria's entitled "Yes, We Have No Bananas." (By the way, we are told authoritatively that it was not composed by the Prince Consort.) Mr. Cooper remonstrated with the urchin, so the report runs, and the stage-door-keeper telephoned at once for the ambulance.

In the meantime (whatever that means), a strong movement is on foot in the city of Kingstown, Jamaica, to present Mr. Cooper with the freedom of the city, and tenders are being invited for a mammoth banana in near-gold and pale green jade (for the stalk) to be presented on this auspicious occasion. Elder Fyffes are said to be greatly interested in the scheme, but no news is to hand yet concerning the attitude of the younger members of the firm. That will be all for the moment, sweethearts.

THE BYSTANDERS.

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***Apology***

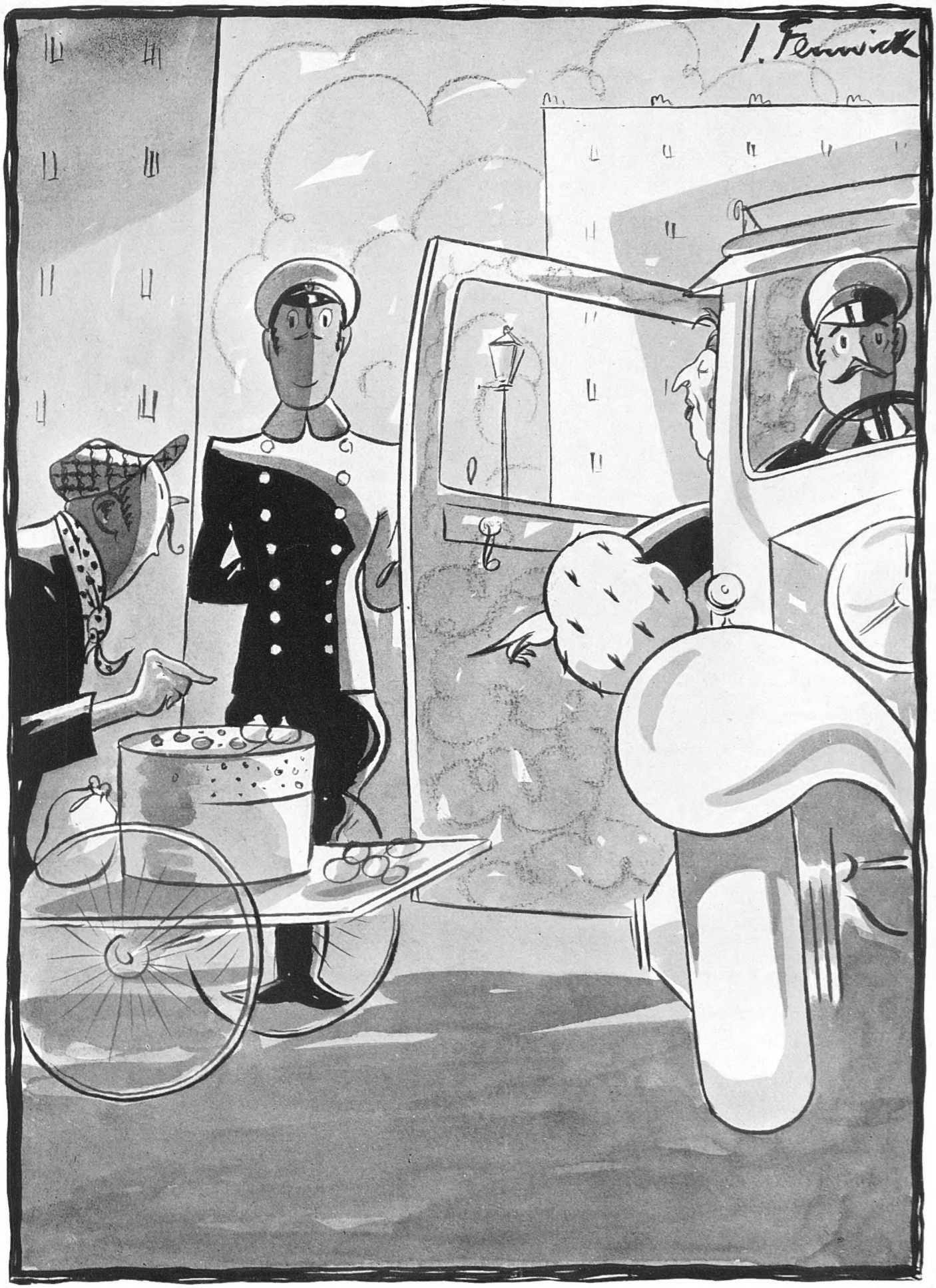
IN these columns of our issue of November 15th, 1933, we published a paragraph commencing "Walking up Regent Street." We desire to make it clear that we did not intend to cast any reflection on Messrs. Wartski, who carry on business as jewellers and dealers in precious stones in Llandudno and at 138, Regent Street, London. We also desire to make it clear that we did not refer to or intend to cast any reflection on Mr. Isidore Wartski, who is the proprietor of a drapery establishment in Bangor. There is no ground whatever for any reflection either against Messrs. Wartski or against Mr. Isidore Wartski, both of whom bear the highest reputation.

We desire to express to Messrs. Wartski and to Mr. Isidore Wartski our sincere regret for any misunderstanding that may have arisen.

Historical Wisecracks: No. 1

*As Kate Howard said to Henry the Eighth—*

"YOU'LL BE THE DEATH OF ME"




"NOT that little burnt one!"

*Games in Grosvenor Square, or how one arrives at a dance at the house next door in Mayfair: Freddie Carew (Reginald Gardiner), the Duchess of Rye (Joyce Bland) and Eric Richmond (Michael Shepley) making an extremely forced landing*

# Second Thoughts on First Nights

***"A Present from Margate"***
***(Shaftesbury)***

WHETHER it 's due to A. E. W. Mason's collaboration, or an adventurous urge to break away from country-house capers, clean Fun on a Battle-ship, and such-like goings-on, this Ian Hay comedy—let 's face it—is not so Hay-ish as usual. Call me a Scrooge or not, but somehow this fantastic story of a preposterously snobbish Duchess and a social climber fra' Bradford with a heart of gold is not just what Santa Claus has been ordering for me these many festive seasons. There is a flies-in-the-sun "set," representing a bathing spot at Antibes, to start with, which I take to be very life-like. But, in spite of my limited knowledge of our premier Duchesses, beach-pests, and self-made Northerners, I feel sure verisimilitude went no further. What puzzled me about her prim Grace and her dreary friends was that tirade by Mrs. Newlyrich against those bogus nobodies whose photographs besmirch the social weeklies. She got positively heated about the *real* Society (meaning, I suppose, the Duchess of Rye) that stands for all that 's best in England. It was a disappointment, therefore, to view the grim portrait of the Duchess's late husband (who looked like a mixture of Crippen and Robertson Hare) and to hear her Grace archly confessing to a scandalous night out at Margate. I 'm just where I was, in fact, about the Nobility that has made our island story worthy of *Cavalcade*, and I can't help thinking that all that God-bless-Grosvenor-Square stuff was a bit out of key for a farcical comedy with stock characters. However, what the Hay fans will like, if they like *A Present from Margate*, is Reginald Gardiner's familiar fatuities, Michael Shepley's bovine stolidity, Frank Pettingell's honest-to-God Yorkshire magnate, and all that jumping from balcony to balcony business over compromising letters and "planted" pearls. If the Duchess came to her party, by fair means or blackmail, Rosie Torrent stayed where she was in Society. If not, she 'd go back to Bradford and have a baby. In the end the Duchess followed her cavalier's example, risked a broken neck, and came by the balcony.

THIS act of blue-blooded courage so nonplussed Rosie that, although her Grace consented to lead the cotillon with the master of the house, thenceforth it was Bradford and cradle-song for the hostess.

Whoever chose Joyce Bland (you saw her, I hope, in *Children in Uniform*) and Marda Vanne for the Duchess and commoner respectively, seems to me to have a flair for queer casting. Miss Bland simpered and swooned with a will, but the arch inanity of the part was too much for her intelligence. Miss Vanne's sincerity and spirit are the subtle weapons of comedy: here was a silk purse that no amount of Yorkshire relish could turn into pig-skin. Eric Maturin, as the Duchess's seducer—one of those "ranker" Majors with a rough way with women, dammit—made a brief appearance in a bathing-wrap and was seen no more.

TRINCULO.

*Two people who know just what they want and just how to get it: Rose Torrent (Marda Vanne) and Major Chepstow (Eric Maturin)*

Sasha

*Barbara Newberry*

*Left : Barbara Newberry, one of the attractive "Les Girls" in the New York Midnight Follies, who have been so conspicuous a success at the Dorchester*

*Right : Betty Davies, who is playing in the musical comedy "Jack and Jill," which will be seen in London after having a trial run in the provinces*

*Below : Muriel Angelus, who, for the first time in her career, will be a principal boy and appear in that heroic rôle in "Queen of Hearts," at the Lyceum Pantomime*

*Below :*
*Muriel Angelus*
*Mannell*

Sasha

*Betty Davies*

# Stage Assorted

## With a Dash of Cabaret

*Jessica Tandy has now taken on the part of Betty Findon in the long-running thriller, "Ten-Minute Alibi," at the Haymarket Theatre. She is seen on the right undergoing the very cross-examination from the two detectives played by George Merritt and T. G. Saville*

Debenham

*Jessica Tandy, a New Heroine in an Old Rôle*

*Above: Miss Penelope Portman*

*Above: Miss Bridget Chapman*

*Extreme left: Miss Penelope Portman is the only daughter of Capt. the Hon. Gerald and Mrs. Portman, and is engaged to Capt. Archer Clive, Grenadier Guards, Sir Sidney and Lady Clive's elder son; the wedding is on Feb. 8th at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks*

*Left: Miss Bridget Chapman is the only daughter of the late Mr. Wilfred Chapman, who was for many years the secretary of the Travellers' Club, in Paris. Miss Chapman works hard on Charity Committees; she helped to organise the "Ten Bob" Dance at Covent Garden last month*

*Below, left: Mrs. Anthony Eden is the wife of the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and the third daughter of Sir Gervase Beckett. Captain Eden is Sir Timothy Eden's brother. The Anthony Edens have two sons, of nine and three, and a house in Lower Berkeley Street*

*Below: Lord Inchcape's good-looking wife, was Miss Leonora Brooke before her marriage this year. She is the eldest of the three daughters of T. H. the Rajah and Ranee of Sarawak, and a niece of Viscount Esher*

*Below: Mrs. Anthony Eden*

*Below: The Lady Inchcape*

YOUNG AND SOCIAL—A

*Right: here is one of the best-looking of the 1933 débutantes. She is Miss Katherine Mathew, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theobald Mathew, and was presented at Court by her mother. Her parents have a house in Cornwall Gardens*

*Extreme right: a new portrait of Miss Joan Eyres-Monsell, the second daughter of Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and Lady Eyres Monsell. She and her mother are in India at present on a four-months' trip. She is one of the more intelligent and original of London's ex-débutantes*

*Below: Miss Bunting Stephenson's London category is the "out-and-about"; she works hard in the day, and is as regular a party-goer as most in the evenings. She is the daughter of the late Mr. R. C. Stephenson and Mrs. Stephenson, and a niece of Sir Denzil Cope*

*Below, right: Miss Diana Wingfield is the only child of Sir Charles and Lady Wingfield. Her father is in the Diplomatic Service, and has been Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary in Oslo since 1929, when he left Bangkok*

*Above: Miss Katherine Mathew*

*Above: Miss Joan Eyres-Monsell*

*Below: Miss Bunting Stephenson*

*Below: Miss Diana Wingfield*

# GALLERY OF PORTRAITS

*Photographs by Hay Wrightson, Tunbridge, Dorothy Wilding and Bassano*

# Bystanders in "the House"

## A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk"
Caricatures by "Jonk"

## "Blue Eyes," at the Scala

*Herbert Alexander*
*as Henry Pilbeam*

*Alan Kirby*

*Derek Eardley*
*as Bonnie Prince Charlie*

*Rex Joseph*
*as the Duke of Cumberland*

*Frederick Blizard*
*as Capt. Sir George Fairmont*

PREVIOUS engagements kept the writing section of this weekly combine from visiting the New Scala to see the S.E.D.O.S. production of *Blue Eyes*, but our esteemed colleague with the pencil—Meinheer "Jonk"—very kindly came to our aid, and produced an eye-witness report of what things were like on both sides of the footlights. We stand aside for him . . .

"IT 'S all very difficult, this critic-cum-cartoonist business, for to get the drawings it 's often necessary to be off-stage and up in dressing-rooms. Still, everything has its compensations, and the critic who sits in the stalls all the time misses many of the titbits. For instance, I had the pleasure of meeting the very charming leading lady, Miss Barbara Pett-Fraser, who arrived at the theatre at the same moment as I did. Owing to her numerous changes of costume, it was impossible to get a satisfactory drawing of her. She put up an extremely good performance as the heroine—an attractive part in itself—and sang her many numbers excellently.

"FROM the point of view of getting pictures, I was more fortunate with the men, although 'Alex' (Herbert Alexander) was almost hidden from view by the smoke of the huge cigar he puffed at off-stage. He played the part of Henry Pilbeam, an actor of poor merit. 'Alex' himself is a really remarkable comedian, and must have a very good business to keep him from deserting Mammon for Melpomene. Playing opposite Rosemary Fotheringham-Parker, the heroine's maid, he displayed a great knowledge of stage-craft, and was always on the spot—cues could come and cues could go, but 'Alex' gags on for ever.

"THE hero, Captain Sir George Fairmont, was Frederick Blizard, who has a good baritone voice and knows how to use it. His part, however, didn't call for much acting. The villain, the Duke of Cumberland, was played by Rex Joseph, who in the past has always been the hero. This time he had no songs to sing, so was having a cigarette or two off-stage; he never smokes when he has a singing part. A pillar of the S.E.D.O.S., he has all the tricks of the trade, some of them literally at his finger-tips, which he cares for as scrupulously as for the smallest detail of his costume. The traditional gallantry of Bonnie Prince Charlie was entrusted to Derek Eardley, who looked the part and enjoyed himself immensely.

"THE chorus of Dragoons looked their parts, too, but as I only saw the dress rehearsal, it would be unfair to criticise them too harshly. They sang well, but seemed in need of a few hours on the barrack-square, polishing up the sword-drill. They enjoyed their sandwich supper in the wings, anyhow. Two real pipers were imported, perhaps from our broker's castle in Scotland, and the clansmen looked realistically shaggy and fierce.

"THE ladies of the chorus were, as usual, in excellent voice; one particularly powerful section earned for themselves the nickname of 'the Tank Corps,' but their voices needed no oiling—they acquitted themselves most creditably. The play did not lend itself to displays of ensemble dancing, for which the House musical shows are rightly famous, but the solo dance by Miss Mildred Manson, the heroine's maid, was a delight to watch.

"OUR old friend, Shaftesbury Walmisley was in the audience, evidently not at all nervous of being overshadowed by John Houlden's padding, for his appearance as Dr. Johnson, in the Covent Garden scene at the end. Henry Lisser had a really lovely make-up as Cardinal Wolsey; his real part was that of Mr. Quinn, business manager, of the Theatre Royal, but, topically fashionable, *Blue Eyes* contains a representation of *Henry VIII.*, and Mr. Quinn then appears as the Cardinal. Herbert Alexander takes Henry VIII.'s part, and so joins the select ranks of the other 'Henry's'—W. H. Berry, the original Pilbeam of *Blue Eyes*; Charles Laughton, and Frank Vosper. This scene is killingly funny—the funniest in the play.

"NOTHING has been said yet of Alan Kirby and his merry band, but at the dress rehearsal everyone was a bit handicapped by the theft of some of the band parts. I felt sure, however, that it would be 'all right on the night,' and have since heard that it was" . . . Thank you very much, indeed, Sir.

R. H. POTT tells us that we made an error of some twenty-five feet, a consonant, and a vowel in our reference to his Christmas appeal, so we rush in to put ourselves right. It 's not the Radcliffe, but the Ratcliff Settlement for which he 's asking for funds; it 's next door to Stepney Station, but just misses being in the parish of Stepney, which actually starts the other side of the road.

WE hope that Christmas Eve in the House will give the combine some snappy stuff to talk about next week. In the meantime, a happy New Year to our respected readers in all markets.

# "D'You Get Me, Boys?"

## Mae West, in "I'm No Angel," Makes Sure That They Do

*Tira, the Lion-Tamer, Falls for a Member of the Four Hundred*

MAE WEST is responsible for the story, the dialogue, and the sex-appeal of "I'm No Angel," her film at the Carlton, and there's no question but that the third responsibility is the big one. As Tira, the circus star, she modestly claims to have been the love interest in a good many men's lives, and doesn't give us any chance to disbelieve her. But however obvious she makes her meaning when she shakes her hips, her good spirits, good humour and good wise-cracks succeed in turning her vulgarities into extremely good entertainment. Cary Grant plays the part of the young millionaire whose (reciprocated) love makes her feel "a different dame." Mae West made her first stage appearance at the age of five; she is the daughter of "Battling" Jack West, a one-time light-weight champion. She's had a good few skirmishes in her career with authorities who have objected to the implications of her "Come up and see me some time" technique; but the box-office receipts show that her public judges her "a reg'lar fellow," whatever her angelic shortcomings may be

# CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

## No. 30. John Van Druten

Potted by Charles Gay
Caricatured by Sirra

BEIGE-CHEEKED, faintly plump, unathletic, John Van Druten is evidently Dutch, although his quick wit and quick speech are more excitable than the usual product of the Netherlands. His father, Wilhelmus, came to England to join the banking firm of B. W. Blydenstein, and John was born at Stamford Hill before the family moved to the greater affluence of Hampstead. Here he was educated at University College School, but his real education came from his parents, who believed that nobody was educated who could speak less than three languages. It was this Continental upbringing which taught him so much about the fine arts and enables him still to recite the thousand lines of Schiller's *Lied von der Glocke*, learnt at the age of ten. After leaving school he studied law for five years—hence, later, *London Wall*—got his LL.B. and went to teach for three years in the University College of Wales at Aberystwyth. It was here that he wrote *Young Woodley*, and it ran a year in New York and a year on tour before it came to London and he came to London, too. So it was no blind leap in the dark to chuck the orderly certainty of a don's life for the irregular existence of the theatre.

INDEED, it took only two years to live down *Young Woodley*, whereas Michael Arlen still spends his time making apologies for *The Green Hat*. Then, in 1926, Mrs. Van Druten died (her husband had died some years before), so John went off to the U.S. on a couple of lecture tours and was heavily over-entertained. On his return he wrote *Chance Acquaintance*, followed by eight other plays, of which four were flops, if you include two collaborations. His most recent was *The Distaff Side*. It takes him six weeks to dictate a play ("I emote all over the place while I am doing so"). He plays no games—his sole recreation outside the theatre being to walk in the suburbs on Sundays and make up plots about the people who live there. His favourite food is dripping toast. He adores telephoning. He has to do exercises for ten minutes every morning to keep down his weight. He is thirty-two years old. He is a bachelor. He lives on the twelfth floor of Queen Anne's Mansions, where he keeps his flat from week to week. He works methodically, is very punctual, and has an infuriating memory.

# A Racing Reverie

## New Year Resolutions : By "Regular"

LAST week I wished you a Merry Christmas; this week I express the hope that you and yours may enjoy a happy and prosperous New Year—not very original, I admit, but strictly in keeping with those glorious traditions to which I so strongly adhere. If Uncle Regular were to become slack over these little matters of etiquette, Heaven knows what would become of society! As Mr. Wootton told us journalists at Gordon Richards's dinner: ours is a great privilege and a great responsibility.

THINK of it, my dear readers. If, during 1934, any action or written word of mine were not in the best of taste, what would happen to the nine million of you who look to me for guidance? Despite twenty degrees of frost, the perspiration breaks out on my forehead when I think of it.

THE first week in the New Year is a particularly trying one for all of us, as, long before the end of it, we have found how hard it is to keep our New Year resolutions. In accordance with my usual custom, I am going to make a few suggestions which I think would make our race-courses pleasanter places to lose money on, should they be observed. I begin with my own New Year resolution, since it is the one which interests me far and away the most. In 1934 I am going to be more outspoken than ever——[ARE YOU? That remains to be seen.—Editor.]

MY next resolution concerns owners, and to you I humbly suggest that you should endeavour to be even more loyal than you are already to the jockeys and trainers who serve you so well.

I KNOW full well that you are the backbone of racing, and that without you the game could not go on. I know also that the majority of you are very generous when you win (unnecessarily so, I think, some of you); furthermore, that few of you make the game pay, and that, apart from the very few who race for social advancement, you own horses because you love racing, which is tantamount to saying that you 're damned good fellows.

MY suggestions, however, are levelled at the few owners who put up one jockey when they want an easy race and another one when they want a hard one. As a well-known jockey said to an owner last year: "If I was good enough to stop your b——— horse, surely I 'm good enough to win on it?"

APROPOS of absolutely nothing at all, I have noticed that jockeys and trainers frequently lose their jobs after a most successful season. Bobby Jones got the sack after winning the Oaks on Short Story and the Hunt Cup on Cross Bow. Jellis lost his job from the same establishment after winning the Oaks on Pennycomequick; while Freddy Fox was sacked from Beckhampton after winning the Derby on Cameronian. Of the trainers, Frank Butters had to seek other employment after a second year. Dick Dawson was sacked the year after winning the Derby with Blenheim, and now George Lambton has to set up as a public trainer after winning the Derby and St. Leger with Hyperion.

I SEEM to have digressed a long way from my original subject of New Year resolutions, but I must now have a word or two with the trainers, and I will commence by saying that my remarks to the owners apply just as much to them. There are trainers, and then again there are trainers. The best kind of trainer, to my mind, is one who, for at least nine months in the year, forgets there is such a place as London town. Horses trained from the Café de Paris seldom give their true running. Your head lad may be the best in the world, but it 's you who pockets the £5 a week, and your first thoughts should always be of the man who pays it.

AT Newmarket you are very fortunate in having Mr. Marriott to look after your interests. I suggest that in 1934 you make a very solemn resolution not to say one unkind word about Mr. Marriott. Just say to yourselves: "Mr. Marriott has not opened the Limekilns, because he does not want me to overtire my horses." Remember that stretch of grass you love so well has been referred to before now as the Lost Property Office for Classic races.

AND now for the jockeys. I am going to surprise you by suggesting that in some cases you shall not be quite so loyal as of yore. Remember that the man who asks you to stop one is asking you to do a thing which, if you are discovered, will mean the loss of your livelihood. The jockey who "drops one out" because the Guv'nor thinks he 's better in somewhere else is the biggest mug in the world. If the Stewards ask a question, the Guvnor 's not going to come forward and tell the Stewards that he told you to stop it, and even if he did the Stewards would not hold you any less guilty.

AT Christmas time, many years ago, the paupers in a certain workhouse were very dissatisfied, and when they were served with Christmas pudding they told the Master what he should do with it. I suggest to you, all my jockey friends, that when the Guv'nor comes along with one of his non-tryers you should give him similar instructions.

C

Bassano

*Miss "Baby" Whitaker*

*Miss Whitaker is the only daughter of that well-known trainer, Capt. Percy Whitaker, and Mrs. Whitaker; she is engaged to Mr. John Paget, Major and Mrs. Guy Paget's younger son. Their wedding is due for January 16, at St. Clement Dane's*

*A Foggy Meeting at Derby*

*The December Steeplechase Meeting at Derby came like a gleam of light into the gloomy darkness of the frostbound racing world, and the fog could do nothing to dim the joy of the re-united regulars, who, incidentally, saw some good racing. Above, on the left, the Hon. Mrs. Gerald Foljambe is talking to Major Noel Newton; on the right is Mrs. Noel Furlong, whose son, Mr. F. Furlong, rode Shilling, the winner of the Elvaston Steeplechase*

# The Edwardian

## A Pageant of the Fashions of Twenty-Five Years

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*Swaebe*

# Party—1908-33

## ago, in Aid of Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital

*The Edwardian Party, held at Grosvenor House last week, was one of the better charity balls; the Episode of 1908, for which the really lovely dresses were designed by Mr. Victor Stiebel, seemed to last for too brief a moment—a fault from which hardly any other charity ball "feature" in living memory has suffered. Among the Edwardians and Georgians at the Party were (1) Mr. J. N. Gwynne and Lady Anne Rhys; (2) Mr. John Sutro and Lady Mary Dunn; (3) Lady Hamond-Graeme and Mrs. Woolley Hart; (4) Lady Alington, Lady Westmorland, and Mrs. T. L. Jamieson; (5) The Hon. Mrs. Loel Guinness, Hon. Mrs. Drogo Montagu, and Lady Oxford and Asquith, who all took part in the 1908 Episode, Lady Oxford and Asquith making far the most effective as well as amusing entry; (6) Mr. Jacques de Shelley, Lady Adare, and Prince Henry of Pless; (7) A party which includes Lord Gage, Mr. Robin Wilson, Lady Gage, Mr. Philip Dunn and the Duke of Marlborough; (8) Lord Berners and Lady Diana Abdy; (9) Lady George Wellesley, who acted as hostess to the "guests" in the Episode of 1908; (10) Mr. Peter Watson, Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger, and the Hon. Mrs. Brian Guinness; (11) Mr. Patrick Bellew and Mrs. Adams Beck. More exclusive pictures in next week's "Bystander"*

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# • Going • Out • to • Goings-On

## The Social Year in Retrospect

With the end of the year in sight, let our thoughts be progressive, not retrogressive. Let us determine to try to enjoy ourselves just as much next year as in this past year. But for the benefit of those who sit in outposts of the Empire and eagerly scan the social columns for news of the girls they have left behind them, patting themselves on the back each time they see that one of them is engaged, let us pass dimly over some of the greater social functions of this year.

The doings of Royalty are so steadily chronicled that they present a brilliant example of the recurring decimal. With visits to Cowes, Sandringham, and Balmoral, there is little of note which does not appear in the cunningly constructed Court Circulars.

Obviously, January was much brightened up by the Beaton wedding, as it is always known. For though Sir Hugh Smiley was the bridegroom, he can have had little say in the rather theatrical decoration of St. Margaret's, Westminster, which caused many a minor Canon (and Dean) in that area to take a pensive peep at the silver-clad pillars. Mr. Cecil Beaton and Eileen Idare had put their heads together with a vengeance, and at any moment one expected Mr. Cochran to wave a wand and for a transformation scene to take place. Eileen Idare, encouraged, perhaps, by her own efforts, has since become Mrs. Harold Mosenthal.

In February we had the great Whigham scramble for seats at the Oratory. Mr. Charles Sweeny fortunately got there before most of the crowd, so was able to take his place as the bridegroom. This, from the point of view of the public, was *the* wedding of the year, though it lost Miss Whigham her débutanteship, and she now has to be known as "Mrs. Charles Sweeny (who was, before her marriage, Miss Margaret Whigham)".

The new crop of débutantes evidently took no lessons from their predecessors, for they have had none of the public success of the Margaret Whigham - Rose Bingham - Katherine Horlick - Averil Streatfeild - Lady Bridget Poulett contingent. However, the Lady Bridget still remains whole-hearted, and will be entering upon her fourth season with many an advantage over her younger rivals.

In the night-club world our little friend Quaglino can almost be called the king, for his is a more personal task than that of the huge combines, like the Savoy and the Gordon Hotels. He has opened an Apéritif Grill in Jermyn Street, which may well become the Prunier of London. Poulsen always keeps the ball rolling at the Café de Paris, and spends big money on cabarets to entertain us. When he gets a winner, it certainly comes home alone, and he has crowded houses to welcome them.

The Berkeley keeps up its reputation for entertaining all "the nice young things": it is the one place in London where all mothers allow their daughters to go unchaperoned. The Embassy has taken a new lease of life since it reopened in September, except for the fact that on Thursdays, its extension night, it is so full that Andrew, the maître d'hôtel, is in despair. For it is a dance club; they pay Ambrose a very large sum of money for his band, and there is no room to dance. The Ritz is always full at luncheon-time, and if one is a stranger to London and wants to "see everybody," that is the best place to go at one o'clock. The best cooking is to be obtained at Boulestin's Restaurant; also the Piccadilly—for a good gorge both these two are excellent.

The Florida, under Captain Gordon Halsey, has swept the board of the "bottle parties." It is the most popular place in London after 1.30 a.m. But in the cabaret world we must award the palm to the Dorchester, which has been put right on the West End map of night life by the presence of "Les Girls." It is quite untrue that a number of happy homes have been broken up, due to the influence of these blonde charmers. A married man had only to be seen out with one for all his wife's friends to ring her up at dawn the next day. Evelyn Crowell, Virgil Dodd, and Sandra Rambeau have proved the greatest attractions—Betty Sundmark might have done, but seemed to get rather high-hat. However, middle-aged "West End clubmen" have had a great time watching them all each evening.

There have, of course, been the usual number of private parties, with no variation except, occasionally, an order to disguise oneself at the emporium of Mr. Nathan. These commands to don fancy dress are proving rather irksome, and many people come in their ordinary

### "What's On"

If you Want to Know All About the Christmas Holiday Entertainments — Plays, Films, and so on — Please Turn to Page a for "The Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

*Beauty, Balcony, Barn, Barnet*

*Beauty—Miss Rose Greenwood, Miss Ellen Pollock, and Miss Iris Baker; the balcony—for watching dancers; the barn—"The Barn," a new club on the Barnet By-pass, which opened a week or so ago, and looks like creating a winter record for road-houses*

*"Place aux Dames"—at the Royal Aero Club*

*The Duke of Atholl, Señor Dr. Don Manuel Malbran, the Argentine Ambassador, Viscountess Elibank, and Mrs. Nigel Norman at the Royal Aero Club; the Duke of Atholl had just opened the new rooms at the Club where members can take their wives and sweethearts*

clothes. Mr. Michael Arlen, Mr. C. B. Cochran, the Duke of Marlborough, and Lord Carisbrooke are all non-fancy-dressers.

MIXED clubs, which spring up all over the place, find they cannot compete with the set favourites, like Punch's and Nash's. Captain Arthur Eliot provided all the Punch's members with something to talk about when he got married; he still looks miserable, so we know that he is happy—it 's his way of showing it.

IN the world of sport we can remember all the trouble about "body-line bowling," which nearly caused us to lose one of our major Colonies. However, cricketers and others will hear the discussion well renewed with the first steps of the Australian team upon Victoria Station. All anglers are contemplating a trip to Loch Ness, where some of the major fish seem to be sporting about, to the intense joy of the local innkeepers. And with regard to this Monster, why limit it to only one? There are probably a dozen of them waiting to gorge a nice, fat specimen of Highland cattle, skilfully used as a live bait. Lady Broughton, Mr. Harry Brown, Lord Moyne, Miss Monica Sheriffe, Colonel Peel, and other prominent deep-sea anglers, turn your attentions from the tunny until the Monster is in the net!

*Bridesmaids at the Talbot-Guest Wedding*

*The Hon. Cynthia Guest's bridesmaids, who wore white chiffon, and carried bouquets of Christmas roses and white camellias, were Lady Georgiana Curzon, the Hon. Pamela Mitford, Miss Sarah Churchill, Miss Teresa Jungman, the Hon. Margaret Thesiger, and Mlle. Livia Paravicini. The page was Alastair Hay, Miss Guest's nephew*

*Mr. Thomas Talbot and the Hon. Cynthia Guest*

*Mr. Thomas Talbot, son of Mr. Justice and Lady Talbot, and the Hon. Cynthia Guest, the younger daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Wimborne, were married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. Miss Guest carried an orange-blossom muff, to match her wreath*

LITERATURE has been well provided this year with about ten thousand additional attempts to help it. Possibly Hugh Walpole, Somerset Maugham, J. B. Priestley, and a few more have done so, but naturally we are more concerned with two authors, one of whom gave us his maiden contribution—I refer to Lionel, Lord Tennyson, who, when the first flattering reviews came out (especially that by Lord Castlerosse), was sunning himself back to health on the bleached shores of California. Barbara Cartland is the other to have notice taken of her book, and I feel that the State should subsidise a marriage between these two great contributors to literature. There might be born into the world another Marcel Proust.

SOME girls achieve social success by their looks; few, these days, by their manners. There is a girl who features largely in one of the Continental resorts who is over here now. At a week-end house-party the admirers kept rolling up in their scores, and in huge cars. Each one she addressed as "You rotten rat," or some such animal greeting. And the admirers "stood for it"—and the girl is not American.

IN the cinemas the great successes have been the blondes—Jean Harlow and Mae West. It is the abandon with which they flick their apparent lack of morals in the faces of the males which draws them. And the whole art of a screen "vamp" is to make every man in the audience her potential lover.—MR. PEEPS

# Westminster Whispers :

## By "Big Ben"

THE Christmas recess will give Members, if they care to take it, the opportunity of learning their constituents' views on the retention or destruction of the National Government. The question has been pushed into the background by the foreign news, though, so far as domestic affairs are concerned, it is still the most important question which awaits an answer.

IF, after the holidays, the Conservative Members—and they are the only ones that matter—return to Westminster with the knowledge that the people whom they represent are thoroughly aware that the National prefix is only a façade for Baldwin measures on Liberal lines, they are quite likely to revolt—merely in order to save their own seats.

No Conservative leader has ever led his party into a coalition and out again and still retained his place. Mr. Bonar Law resigned from the leadership before the break-up in 1922; if he hadn't, the history of the last ten years undoubtedly would not be what it is.

MR. BALDWIN may, of course, prove the exception. His hold on the younger Members of the House is almost mesmeric. It is based on the particularly strong combination of personal affection and traditional loyalty. And there is more than an ounce of shrewdness thrown in. But most of the younger Members sit for places that, so far as one can see, are bound to revert to the Socialists at the next election. Mr. Baldwin with only Die-hards to appeal to would be a very different proposition.

THE Prime Minister has gone to Lossiemouth. He has kept very quiet during these last weeks of the old year. Early in 1934 he is to address his constituents at Seaham; then he will take part in the campaign to boost National Unity. He is really faced with boosting his own future, for if the Conservatives were to throw him overboard, what would he do with himself?

THERE were the usual crop of rumours before we packed up; the most interesting being that the three Service Ministers were at loggerheads with Mr. MacDonald and Sir John Simon over the coming Estimates, with Mr. Chamberlain in a sort of referee's rôle. I don't think that Lord Hailsham, at the War Office, has lived up to expectations. He has certainly given the impression of not being over-interested in his Department, though the truth is probably that he is unfitted for a departmental post. Lord Londonderry has been cautious and compromising. Only Sir Bolton Eyres Monsell, at the Admiralty, appears to have got his own way—and that as a Big Navy man—without severely upsetting anyone.

COMPLAINT of overwork has stricken the House—and surely there has never been a House that had less to do—all on account of the late night sitting. The young men who, had it been a Hunt ball, would have boasted of being up all night and at the meet punctually at eleven, because it was their work, indulged in self-pity to a nauseating degree.

*"There were the usual crop of rumours . . . the most interesting being that the three Service Ministers were at loggerheads with Mr. MacDonald and Sir John Simon over the coming Estimates." Our Artist here portrays Lord Londonderry, Sir Bolton Eyres Monsell and Lord Hailsham defending their Estimates*

## Un-Parliamentary Asides

THEY were quite right, though, in condemning the sitting. It was a farce, as all-night sittings always have been and always will be. The Kitchen Committee alone benefit, and for Miss Cazalet's satisfaction—popular as she is—it seems a high price to pay!

MISS CAZALET, incidentally, has carved for herself a special niche in this Parliament; not through her work on the Kitchen Committee, but as the friend of all the young Members of all parties. She does not speak often in debate, but she has become one of the "characters" of the House, and her opinion is canvassed if something is afoot. East Islington will give her a hard fight next time; it will be a pity if she goes down. Her brother Victor is, of course, secure for ever at Chippenham.

No Government likes bye-elections, unless it can pick and choose the place of battle most favourable to its chances. So far, this Government has nothing to complain of—only East Fulham has shaken its prestige. Now I hear we may have two more contests early in the New Year; in the South of England and in the far, far North. The one may be prevented—it is hoped so; the other is a matter for congratulation.

AT this season of good will towards men I hope a few kind thoughts will come the way of the despised politicians. Even I, one of them myself, feel, at times, remorse for some of the things I have written here during the past twelve months. But there is little to be said in favour of those critics who find in the House of Commons an easy mark for their heavy humour, but who never bother themselves with taking even the smallest part in public life.

WE might remember this Christmas what F. S. Oliver writes in his defence of politicians in *The Endless Adventure*. It can't be improved upon:

"If we eventually escape," he says "from our present perplexities, it will not be because theorists have discovered some fine new theory of salvation; or because newspapers have scolded and pointed angry fingers at this one or that; or because we, their readers, have become excited and have demanded that 'something must be done.' It will be because these decent, hard-working, cheerful, valiant, knockabout politicians, whose mysterious business it is to manage our affairs by breaking one another's heads, shall have carried on with their work as if nothing extraordinary was happening, and shall have 'jumbled something' out of their contentions that will be of advantage to their country. The notion that we can save ourselves without their help is an illusion."

Those are the right thoughts with which to begin 1934.

# Idols in Wood: No. 12. "Almost—and Always—a Gentleman"

*Billy Bennett and Owen Nares have been the subjects chosen by our artist, S. D. Banks, this week as the victims of the carver's tool. Standing about twenty inches high, these figures are carved and coloured by hand. Billy Bennett has labelled himself as "almost a gentleman," while Owen Nares is always the embodiment of the pukka sahib. The originals are for sale*

# A Nurser

## Katharine Hepburn as J

KATHARINE HEPBURN has undoubtedly been the most talked-off star of 1933; in the film world, the discussions as to how great a screen actress she is, or will become, have been something comparable to the controversy over the qualities, visible and potential, of Elisabeth Bergner's acting on the stage. Early in the New Year, London film audiences will have the opportunity of re-weighing their judgment on Katharine Hepburn, when "Little Women" is shown. She plays the part of Jo, in the film version of Louisa M. Alcott's famous book, and is said to give a performance that is better than anything she has yet done, and that finally establishes her reputation with the serious critics as well as her popularity with the public

# y Classic

## o, in "Little Women"

"LITTLE WOMEN," which will begin its West End run at the end of January or the beginning of February, has, in America, broken the record at the world's largest cinema: £64,000 was taken in three weeks while this film was being shown at Radio City Music Hall, in New York. The film, which is an RKO-Radio one, was directed by George Cukor, and, besides Katharine Hepburn, in the cast are Edna May Oliver as Aunt March, Douglas Montgomery as Laurie, Jean Parker as Beth, Joan Bennett as Amy, and Frances Dee as Meg

*(1) Lord Louis Mountbatten, M. Jean Borotra, Mme. Herezoz, and Mme. Y. H. Letellier arriving at the British Embassy in Paris, where the Ball was held by permission of the King*

*(4) Lady Moira Combe was one of the large contingent that went over to Paris from London, mostly by air, for what was a historic entertainment, as well as a most spectacular one*

*(5) Major Louis Weiller, the youngest officer of the Légion d'Honneur, and a war air ace, and Mme. Weiller, who was chosen as "Miss Europe" in 1931*

*(6) Mlle. Yvonne Printemps and Mr. Noel Coward arriving together; they did a sketch in the cabaret at the Ball*

*(2) Lord Tyrrell, the British Ambassador, and his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Adrian Holman, who organised the Ball, talking to the Infanta Beatrice of Spain (left), the Infanta Maria Christina (second from right), and her brother, the Infante Don Jaime*

*(3) Captain J. U. P. FitzGerald, the Naval Attaché, Mrs. FitzGerald, Group-Captain R. N. Field, the Air Attaché, and Mrs. Field*

*(7) Baronne Gaiffier d'Hestroy, the wife of the Belgian Ambassador in Paris, M. Lebrun, the President of the Republic, Lord Tyrrell, and Mme. Lebrun waiting for the cabaret to begin*

*(8) Lady Louis Mountbatten and Mr. Robert Gerard on their way in. The Ball was in aid of the Hertford British Hospital in Paris, and out of the proceeds Mrs. Holman arranged for a donation to be made to the French Hospital in London*

# The Ball at the British Embassy in Paris

*Mark Hambourg still intends to make his short holes play long*

*Jan Kubelik positively refuses to take up the "sax" as a musical instrument*

*Christopher Stone is going to leave no stone unturned in devoting more time to his home work*

*Ernest Thesiger is not inclined to forsake his knitting for the spinning-wheel*

*Sir Landon Ronald does not intend to open a flood-light school for croquet*

# Good Resolutions and Intentions

*Nellie Wallace and P. G. H. Fender will have no pleasure in going to the dentist*

*Contrary to general belief, Sir Henry Curtis Bennett is more than brief when it is suggested to him that he is not training for the light-weight Boxing Championship for 1934*

*Vi Loraine has decided not to go over to Grand Opera—*

*—and Sir James Barrie and H. G. Wells are going to be " something in the City " in 1934*

# for 1934 : As Depicted by H. H. Harris

# Sport with the Lid Off : By "Mark Over"

WHAT a lot of fuss there was about the resignation of Mr. Arthur Kingscott from the Football Association. As you doubtless know, the trouble arose over the selection of the ball for the last Cup Final. Mr. Kingscott, as Chairman of the Final Tie Committee, made the choice, though normally the referee takes the responsibility. Anyway, the incident gave rise to argument—and now the F.A. have forced Mr. Kingscott to resign.

My own view is that the F.A. have been altogether too harsh. Mr. Kingscott has done great work for Association football: for forty years he has been connected with the game—and I can't help thinking that the whole matter might have been smoothed over in a much less violent and controversial manner. They do themselves no good, these ruling bodies, when they rush headlong into the limelight, and many people must be feeling a little uneasy about the treatment meted out to Mr. Kingscott.

THE same applies to the Australian Cricket Board of Control. Throughout the body-line bowling controversy they have acted injudiciously. They began the trouble with a rashly-worded cable last January, and then, just when the M.C.C., by considerable tact, seemed to have restored friendly relations, came that demand last month for an assurance that body-line bowling, as the Australians called it, would not be used by England next summer.

The M.C.C.'s reply to this demand was wholly admirable, terse, reasonable and final. I am glad to note that the first reactions in Australia have been to the effect that the Board of Control laid themselves open to the implied rebuke, and I hope we may hear nothing more of the matter. As it is, the M.C.C. have had the best of the argument, which was not to be wondered at when men like Lord Hailsham and Sir Stanley Jackson were in charge at headquarters. I should hate to argue by cable with Lord Hailsham, I must say. Anyway, I think we may take it for granted that the Australians will be over here next summer, for the minority on the Australian Board who are pressing for more definite assurances from the M.C.C. will surely now be over-ruled and silenced.

*The Scottish Rugby Union held its International Trial at Netherdale, Galashiels, when Scotland beat the Rest by 24 points to 8. W. R. Logan, Scotland's scrum-half, is seen above avoiding a tackle, breaking through*

*Left: Mr. and Mrs. George Ferguson, giving all their attention to Mr. Lennox Boyd*

*Below, left: Mrs. J. M. Hastings, the Hon. Sec. of the Ball, whose husband is one of the Joint Masters of the H.H., and Mr. George Evans, the other Joint Master*

*Below, centre: Mr. M. Morrison and Miss Lydia Huth sitting-out together*

*Below, right: Mrs. Griffiths Lowndes is with Mr. Erroll Holmes*

BY the time you read this we shall know, for good or evil, whether the Boxing Board of Control is to continue under the present Stewards, or whether

(Continued on page ii)

*The Hampshire Hunt Ball, at the Guildhall, Winchester*

# County Faces

## More Pictures of the Hampshire Hunt Ball

*(1) Lady Grenfell and Lady Mary Manningham-Buller sit on chairs, while their husbands, Mr. Reginald Manningham-Buller and Lord Grenfell, sit on the floor (2) Miss Diana Mills wore an attractive little feathered cape over her lacquered satin dress; she is with Mr. L. A. Simonds. (3) In front are Miss Upton, Miss Rudkin, and Miss Wheler, and their partners are Mr. E. W. F. Hunt, Mr. John Upton, and Mr. John Woodroffe*

*(4) Mr. J. M. Hastings, Joint Master of the H.H. since 1932, and Lady Templemore; she and her husband brought a party from Upton House, Alresford*

*(5) Another group of sitters-out at the Hampshire Hunt Ball, which was held at the Guildhall, Winchester before Christmas: Miss P. Vandeleur, Mr. C. Consett, Mr. J. Wrightson, and Mr. Denis Milbank, Sir Frederick Milbank's youngest son*

*(1) Miss Diana Morley dancing with Mr. Harold Warrender, Sir Victor Warrender's brother, at the Calico Ball, which was held in aid of the League of Empire and the Girls' Realm Guild*

*(3) Mr. T. Etherington-Smith and Miss Pamela Davenport-Handley, who appeared as a country lad and lass in the competition for groups of guests dressed in calico and representing books, pictures, plays*

*(2) Mr. C. Russell sitting out with Miss Rosabelle Perowne, who appeared in a group called "The Three Graces"*

# Calicoco

## A Pre-Christmas Charity Ball

*(4) Colonel Ivan Davson talking to Captain and Mrs. Fuller. (5) Miss Musker and Lord North; Lord and Lady North were among the patrons and patronesses of the Ball*

*(6) Captain Basil Barton, M.P. for Central Hull, Mrs. Geoffrey Shakespeare, a patroness, whose husband is M.P. for Norwich, and Mrs. Gwilym Lloyd George, wife of the Member for Pembrokeshire*

*(7) Vice-Admiral C. V. Usborne and Miss Lilian Braithwaite, two of the judges of the dresses in the competition*

*(8) Another couple sitting out at the Calico Ball: Miss Barbara Graham-Hutchinson and Mr. C. O'Rorke*

# Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

## This Scrummaging Business

*Four Oxford Blues Honoured*

*It is unusual for four players from one University to be chosen for the English Trial Match, which was to have been held this year at Falmouth, but Jack Frost decided otherwise, and the match was played at Twickenham. Oxford were so honoured this year, and above, reading from left to right, are the quartette: H. G. Owen-Smith, P. Cranmer E. S. Nicholson, and A. L. Warr*

WILL you forgive me if I hark back to the 'Varsity match? It 's a long way behind us now, I know, but there are one or two points arising from it which will, perhaps, bear discussion.

First, were Oxford lucky to win by a goal to a try? I have been told so, in tones ranging from anger to withering contempt; and yet I cannot agree. Let us admit that Cambridge had all the better of the game territorially, and that their forwards were superb in the loose, and that their tremendous onslaught in the second half should have been tangibly rewarded. That is all true enough, but I do most emphatically submit that when a team so clearly gain the upper hand, they have only themselves to blame if they fail to find a way through the defence.

WAS the Oxford tackling luck? Was it unlucky that the Cambridge forwards failed, by indifferent scrummaging, to give their backs time and room in which to initiate attack? Up to a point we may say that Cambridge deserved to win, for they harried and overwhelmed Oxford to some purpose. Beyond that point, in my opinion, Cambridge deserved to lose, simply because they were unable to drive home their attack. When all is said and done, a team must score points, and if they fail to score they cannot be excused on the ground that they were unlucky. They were incompetent, it seems to me, and it will take a pretty strong argument to make me think otherwise.

More interesting, perhaps, are the reasons for Cambridge's failure to break the Oxford defence. There you had a fine, willing team, going all out for victory, with lively forwards and clever backs, and yet nothing happens. Grand defence by Oxford, obviously, but, by the same token, poor scrummaging by Cambridge. I stick to that point, despite many bludgeonings: scrummaging and loose play are two very different things.

I'M beginning to think that we 've forgotten what scrummaging really is. It 's a job for eight men, to begin with, and it implies close, co-ordinated control of the ball, not only in the set scrummages, but in the loose. So often, nowadays, we see forwards piling with fine frenzy into the loose mauls; but how often do we see the quick heel at the right moment, the straight shove, the wheel, the clean heel which sends the ball so easily into the scrum-half's hands?

I know I 've hammered away at this until there 's a danger of wearying you, but it seems to me the beginning and end of the troubles in modern Rugby football. I 'm convinced that we have plenty of grand players behind the scrummage to-day, if only we will give them a chance. We don't give them chances, and then we blame them for running across and kicking too much, and all the rest of it.

LET 's go back a bit and recall the great days of C. A. Kershaw and W. J. A. Davies, and those magnificent England forwards of 1920-21. We saw back play then, right enough; and how did it start? With a quick heel which enabled Kershaw to come round the scrummage, pick up the ball where it lay waiting for him, and shoot it straight out to Davies. No fumbling round the back of the scrummage, no passes jerked inaccurately away under pressure: clean heel, swift pass, and Davies dominating the attack. And naturally, with his genius for the game, Davies could dominate it, since Kershaw gave him space in which to work. I doubt very much, though, whether even Kershaw and Davies would make much of a showing under modern conditions. Imagine Kershaw groping for the ball, with back-row forwards ready to pounce on him when it trickled out. What chance do you imagine he would have, even with that phenomenal strength of his? Imagine, also, what might have happened if the Cambridge forwards in the 'Varsity match had added to their grand liveliness a knowledge of scrummaging, a quarter of the knowledge possessed by that 1920 England pack. Would they have been content to go hammering blindly away at the Oxford line? Would they not have varied swift heeling with the controlled straight shove? Would they not have drawn the defence out of position with sudden wheels, and then sent Bowcott and Jones darting away through the gaps?

I DON'T harp on this scrummaging business just for fun, but because I 'm convinced that if it were tried out we should realise its importance. I 'm certain, at any rate, that if Cambridge were to settle down to real scrummaging from the Easter term onwards, and Oxford were to carry on with the modern theories, we could name the winners of next year's 'Varsity match right away. And the name would not be Oxford!

# Music (and all That)

## The Classics can be Gay

### By "Melos"

*Scarpia (Percy Heming) making advances to Tosca (Josephine Wray), which she repudiates with "scornery" in the opera "Tosca," by Puccini, at Sadler's Wells*

*At Sadler's Wells*

THIS is the Festive Season. What are the merry tunes to suit it? Let us consider a few which are merry, with passing reference to some which are not.

A favourite mistake is to imagine that all music written by the so-called "light" composers is jolly and cheerful, and all music written by famous composers on a different plane is heavy and depressing. The American jazz merchants, to whom I had occasion to refer recently, when I ventured to answer Mr. Henry Hall's adulation of them, are one and all considered to be masters of the carnival spirit. Most of them are the very reverse. They are Lords of Misrule only when it is a matter of breaking the musical rules. They are still obsessed by the "blues," which, for some odd reason, is the music to which your low-brow-and-proud-of-it will fly the moment he or she feels depressed.

They write whiny, slimy sorts of tunes, drearily sentimental. Their general attitude towards music is amorous to the verge of the oleaginous.

EVEN the so-called "hot" music leaves me cold. The force of the rhythm must be admitted. But rhythm is not necessarily gay, and rhythm of this type has a barbaric monotony about it which can be rather grim. I do not, of course, say that there are not enlivening tunes coming periodically from lighter composers, both British and American. But to those that are the reverse they stand as one to fifty.

NOW take the other side. If the musical director of a revue or musical-comedy theatre announced his intention of starting the evening's entertainment with Dvorak's *Carneval* overture, the manager would forbid him to do so and then declare him to be certifiable. If he did it without asking, he would probably be sacked.

*Lenare*

*Dr. Malcolm Sargent*

*Who has suffered a breakdown and is still ill in Switzerland, where, it is hoped, he will soon be completely restored to health*

Yet this work sparkles with the very spirit of gaiety. So does the finale of the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven. Much of Schubert is delightfully "light," in the real sense that it is guaranteed to raise the spirits even of the most hardened Philistine. A sombre strain runs through most Russian music, though the rhythm and sheer "guts" (it is the only word) of Borodin's *Prince Igor* dances are unrivalled, and could be relied upon to set the dullest party going at full speed.

Ravel's *La Valse* is jollity unadulterated, but is very difficult to play. Since, however, we are always being informed that the latest fox-trot, with its elaborate syncopation, requires very highly-paid experts—which I fully believe—these experts should be equal to unravelling Ravel.

To put it shortly, there are probably millions of people who listen to what they imagine to be gay music which, in fact, is about as gay as a sick headache, while they shy at wonderful stores of pure fun in music simply because they find the names of the composers (always supposing that they have heard of them) counted among the classical or, at any rate, the serious.

THE "light" music of a generation ago was far more cheerful. At the "Gay 'Nineties" party last week the music was unquestionably gay until the band, later in the evening, stepped into 1933. That band, which played well, had some strange notions as to what *was* the music of the 'nineties; for it pinned its faith largely to the *Blue Danube* waltz, which was long before the period, and the *Merry Widow*, which was seven years after it.

But we did have some more or less appropriate selections in "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo" and other good music-hall tunes of those days, and in such musical-comedy numbers as Leslie Stuart's "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden," from *Florodora*.

Where will be most of our light tunes of to-day "forty years on"?

THERE is little opera about at the moment, but I have just seen a more than satisfactory performance of *La Tosca* at Sadler's Wells. Puccini's luscious melodies—it is only the prigs and the pedants who sneer at Puccini—warmed me up even on one of the coldest nights I have ever listened to opera.

The orchestra, under Mr. Lawrance Collingwood, played well, though one missed the flow and sweep of many strings which modern Italian opera demands. Some kind person has anonymously given the Vic-Wells company some new scenery for this opera. If only another person, equally kind and, if it is preferred, equally anonymous, would present the Vic-Wells orchestra with a few more first violins it would prove a most acceptable gift.

Miss Josephine Wray, who has sung well in smaller parts at Covent Garden, made a handsome Tosca and acted that tragic rôle much better than many a prima donna of international reputation. Her voice, if occasionally a little hard, is always true, and there is plenty of it. Mr. Percy Heming's Scarpia is familiar. Both vocally and dramatically it is excellent, with only one fault, that fault being—Mr. Heming. For Mr. Heming on the stage is always so obviously the kindly, genial good fellow that, in fact, he is, that he makes it rather difficult to believe in Scarpia's unspeakable foulness.

# "Gay and Naughty"

## Mrs. Claude Leigh's Costume Party

*Swaebe*

*Above: the Hon. Mrs. Barford, wearing flowered brocade, and Mr. Michael Norton-Griffiths, Sir Peter Norton-Griffiths' brother*

*Above, right: Miss June O'Malley-Keyes wore a garden-party confection, crowned with the smartest of fly-away hats; her partner is Mr. de Shelley*

*Left: Mrs. Woolley Hart's fancy dress seemed almost more reminiscent of her coster party than of the 'nineties, however naughty*

*Right: Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen had an amusing tennis-player's rig-out; with her is Miss Joyce Leigh, demurely Victorian*

*Sasha*

*Mme. de Rougemont wore a twin garden-party dress and hat to Miss O'Malley-Keyes; her husband's only concession to Mrs. Claude Leigh's strict fancy-dress rules were his moustachios and side-whiskies*

*Mrs. Wellington Koo wore a wonderful Chinese coat and head-dress, Mr. Murray Brittain's jacket and knickerbockers proved that men's clothes have been infinitely less becoming even than they are to-day; Miss Evelyn Morris wore a sedate gown and bonnet*

*Mrs. Charles Cartwright's "Naughty 'Nineties" dress was strangely in the fashion of the reminiscing 'thirties that we live in; she is with Captain Arthur Evans, M.P., looking imposing as an Elder Statesman*

*"The Bystander" Book Shelf*

# Thrilling Fact and Dreary Fiction : By A. G. Macdonell

FOUR members of the famous expedition which flew over Mount Everest have written a book about the exploit. The book is called *First Over Everest* (John Lane ; 12*s.* 6*d.*). There are about 270 pages in it, and of these only twenty-eight are devoted to the actual flights (there were three altogether, two over Everest and one over Kanchenjunga), and this is just about the right proportion. For the flying took about six hours, and the rest of the expedition took about a year. The whole thing depended upon organisation. There was an amazing number of details to be arranged. There was the finance, for one thing, and that was only solved satisfactorily through the generosity of Lady Houston, so that the expedition was named the "Houston-Everest." Then there was the political difficulty. Everest lies half in Tibet, and half in the mysterious, inaccessible kingdom of Nepal. The Nepalese Government will not allow strangers to penetrate into their country, and there was the awkward question of what would happen if one of the aeroplanes made a forced landing and a relief expedition had to be sent into Nepal. In the end, the Nepalese Government gave full sanction for the flight, on the strict understanding that it was going to be made for scientific purposes only. Then there were the enormous technical difficulties. Machines and men had to be accustomed to flying at a height of 33,000 feet, in a temperature of about 120° of frost. There had to be a regular supply of oxygen, without which the pilot would infallibly lose consciousness at any height above 25,000 feet, and there had to be a complete absence of any moisture in the complicated apparatus in the cockpit. For a single drop of moisture would freeze into the solidest ice and might block up a crucially important pipe. And then there was all the camera-work to be considered. For month after month the experts laboured at the solution of all these, and many other problems, and at last the expedition was ready. The aeroplanes went by sea to Karachi, but the intrepid pilots, as if they had not enough dangers in front of them when they reached Nepal, flew out to India in Moth machines. The three flights over the Himalayas were a triumphant testimony to the efficiency and perseverance with which the experts had done their work, for they were carried out without a hitch. The photographs in *First Over Everest* are very wonderful, and they give some sort of faint idea of the appalling danger which these men faced so cheerfully and so gallantly. The slightest slip, of man or machine, meant certain death, but in this book you do not get the faintest suspicion that the aviators cared two straws about that, so long as they achieved the greatest feat in the history of aeronautics.

MR. and Mrs. Quennell have published the third volume of their fascinating history of the man-in-the-street, and it covers the period between 1733 and 1851. *A History of Everyday Things in England* (Batsford ; 8*s.* 6*d.*) is a picture of life in town and country during that incredible period which is usually called the Industrial Revolution. The invention of the steam-engine was probably a great step forward in the annals of human progress, but it certainly brought some pretty fearful developments along with it. The Quennells write about the change from a lovely pastoral country to an inferno of smoke and chimneys and blast furnaces ; about the decay of the old village industries before the inexorable sweep of machine-made goods ; about the herding of the people into the slums of the great new manufacturing towns ; and about the destruction of beauty on all sides to make way for the new gospel of Efficiency. I suppose it was all inevitable, but it is rather sad. The History is profusely illustrated with pictures showing the changes and development in clothes, industries, domestic architecture, sports, and pastimes, and methods of transport. Everyone who reads and enjoys this book will look forward eagerly to the fourth volume, which will bring the story down to the present day.

*Miss Rosamond Lehmann* *Yevonde*

*Whose book, "Invitation to the Waltz," is one of the three English books to be recommended to the French Committee for the Femina Vie Heureuse Prize*

IT is not very often that a book makes me cross, but I must confess that a very definite amount of irritability has been aroused by a novel called *Devoted Ladies* (Collins ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Miss M. J. Farrell. A reviewer has to read a great many books in the course of a year, and at least half of the novels deal with the sayings and doings of Young Mayfair, so that the subject in itself has long since become intolerably tedious. It requires the wit and the polish of an Evelyn Waugh to make the stuff readable. When it is done badly it becomes a weariness of the soul. Miss Farrell has chosen two utterly detestable young women for the central characters in her novel. Jane and Jessica live together and are looked after by a man ladies'-maid called Albert. They drink brandies-and-sodas at breakfast, and get alcoholic poisoning, and smash crockery in wild fits of jealous or drunken passion, and throw bottles about at parties. But all that might conceivably be forgiven them if they were even remotely amusing. But they are not. They are dreary and horrible beyond words. This is very sad, because Miss Farrell can undoubtedly write. Her earlier books about her native Ireland, and about fox-hunting, and things which she obviously knew about and cared about, were full of the greatest promise. "Here is a possible successor to the two divine ladies," we all said enthusiastically, and all our enthusiasms are ruthlessly damped down by these matutinal brandies and these detestable women.

MR. BASIL LUBBOCK, praise be, comes to my rescue with *The Opium Clippers* (Brown, Son, and Ferguson ; 21*s.*), for no one can be angry for long when he opens a book at random and finds a heading "The Sylph and the Cowasjee Family Fight Off a Fleet of Chinchow Junks." The opium trade was a terribly dangerous one to enter as a profession, for it was illegal, it was conducted in distant and uncharted seas, and it was preyed upon by desperate and ruthless pirates. Being, therefore, an underground trade, the records of it are buried deep in obscurity. But Mr. Lubbock is a persevering man, and for twenty-five years he has been hunting down the stories and the legends of this half-forgotten saga. He has found strange and thrilling stories of the Red Rover, which was the first of the opium-clippers, and how the French privateer fought the Endymion, and how the great firms of Jardine, Mathieson and Dent and Company rose to their pinnacles of fame and prosperity in the East.

The speed of some of those ships was extraordinary. In 1835 the Magicienne sailed 2017 miles in eight days, thus averaging more than 250 miles a day, and she actually did the complete journey from Madras to Plymouth Sound in eighty-five days, of which fourteen were spent utterly becalmed in the Bay of Bengal. They were great days and the clippers were great little ships.

# A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

## Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

*Meerson*

ENORMOUS sleeves counterbalanced by a tiny pill-box of a patent leather hat, give a distinctive silhouette to this Marcel Rochas outfit. The "fur" sleeves are made of black and white feathers

A TUCKED frill of the material forms a collar to this cloth coat, which has full sleeves tucked on to the shoulders and is worn with a hat of Chinese persuasion of the same material and a large fox muff

# Trains, flounces and coronets add elegance to the evening mode

ABOVE: Chanel uses black and white tulle for an evening gown and short coat, and trims them both with innumerable pleated frills of the material. A pierrot collar of the tulle gives width to the coat shoulders

MISS GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES, who has been delighting us for months by her lovely performance in "Richard of Bordeaux," and will, we hope, continue to do so for many more months to come, wears in the evening a formal gown of stiff, water-green faille. Of Edwardian inspiration, it has flowers tucked into the décolletage of its fitted bodice, tiny sleeves and a long train. With it she wears a necklace of green and white paste and a tiara of green stones

*Yvonne Gregory*

# Bond Street and Thereabouts . . .

*A Weekly Commentary on Fashion*

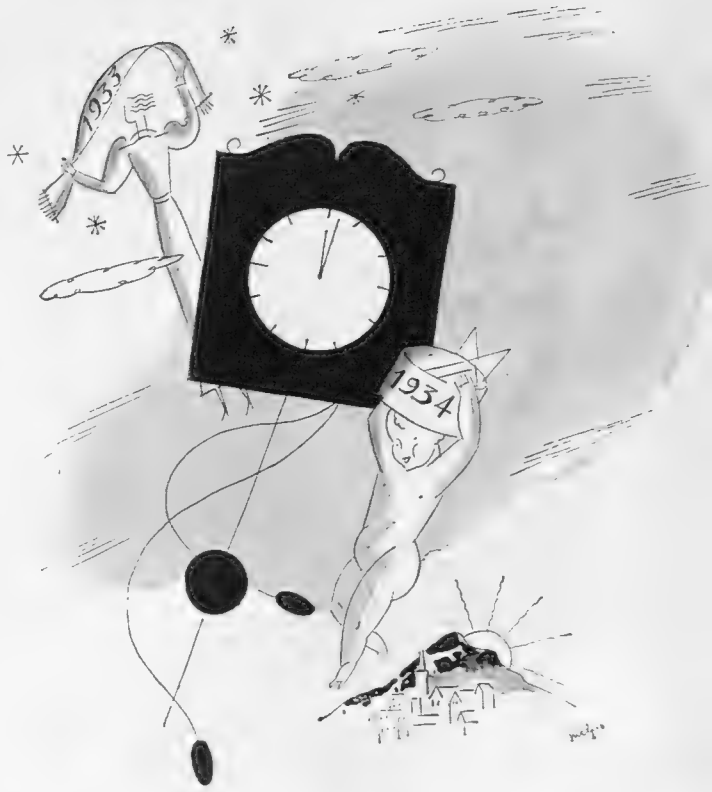
*by Madge Garland*

WHAT will become of all the boned corsets, hair-pads, bosoms and behinds which the recent "Gay 'Nineties" and "Edwardian" parties made us all acquire? Will we feel light in the head without a cartwheel hat perched on a "rat"? Will we feel dowdy with an uncorseted waist? Personally, I shall miss my bird-seed bosom—"very natural movement," said the advertisement (really seen by the mother of a friend of mine in a tiny village not long ago), and very natural it was, too.

Our tiaras we need not give up—they have become general for evening wear—and every second head is adorned with a jewelled band. What is one to think of a generation in which all the débutantes wear tiaras and all the dowagers have shingled heads, and all the young girls tell you proudly about their corsets, and all the old women pretend they don't wear any? For those who do, I've found a new belt which looks as if it were soft and woolly. Soft it is, but woolly it isn't. When it is off it is tiny, but it stretches until it looks like the finest gauze, moulds your figure, is comfortable to wear, never rolls over, and if it has a slight quality of warmth, who is going to mind that this weather? Fortnum and Mason have got these in their new lingerie department.

HAIR-BANDS increase, both in number and elaboration. The most popular continues to be a narrow filet of metal with five large pearls or coloured stones set on it, but a new one consists of three rows of pearls, very Juliet and jeune fille, but very becoming.

Apart from tiaras, diadems, or combs, whichever you prefer, a legacy from Mae West is the jewelled hair-ornament. The prettiest is a star of diamonds worn by Gertrude Lawrence; but there are a great variety of slides or clips of brilliants which hold in place the front lock of hair. They are pretty and becoming, and should be acquired by every Miss and even a number of Mrs., and you can get them in a charming feather design from Ciro's for 2 guineas.




EAR-RINGS, which have staged a come-back, have dispensed with the nightmare of piercing the ear and of the shame—inherent, I never knew why—in the screwed-on ear-ring. Nowadays, they just clip on neatly and are made of diamonds in modern designs. William Ogden has a selection of these, and a nicer New Year present would be hard to find. To obtain, outline this paragraph in red, leave BYSTANDER open at this page, and place in conspicuous position. Ogden also has a wide choice of the lovely old paste earrings which are so popular again and look so well with the picturesque gowns which this winter has brought us.

Moiré, lamé, and faille seem to be winning at the moment, and velvet appears on the wane. Mrs. O. Harvey had made for the ball at the British Embassy in Paris last week a lovely gown of blue moiré with a velvet sash of a darker shade, and Valentine Tessier, one of the smartest actresses on the French stage, wore a blue and silver striped lamé with a dark blue velvet coat trimmed with silver fox. Lisa Maugham looks like a demure fairy in her opalescent silver moiré dress, which was one of the successes of Vionnet's collection this winter. And what bad news it is that Vionnet is retiring from business! No one has more consistently turned out such a large proportion of breath-takingly lovely clothes—every collection was incredible and a joy to see, and the world of fashion will be much the poorer for the lack of this great artist.

ANOTHER Edwardian note is the corsage with a flower tucked into it, though this was launched by Mainbocher long before we took to emulating our mothers. Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies tucks white camellias into the décolletage of her green faille dress. Lady Charles Cavendish has an evening gown which strikes a period note too: it has a pleated ruff of tulle standing up around a low décolletage which leaves her shoulders bare. Flowers are worn with a difference by Alanova, who places two arum lilies on the shoulder of a simple ankle-length black velvet dress, and by Madame Nubar Gulbenkian, who has chosen from Stiebel a pale mastic-coloured velvet gown which has a cluster of black velvet iris at the waist. With this she wears black velvet gloves and a mastic velvet cape lined with black chiffon.

M. G.

*1. J. Hopkinson, the Honorary Secretary, and Frank Croft, the Captain of the Club*

*2. Major C. A. Mackenzie and L. P. Sykes, Chairman, Green Committee*

*5. F. H. Richardson and W. F. Frost seen waiting before driving off at the second tee*

*6. J. Broomhead and E. Chipendale caught by the camera at the first tee*

*3. M. Kendrew and I. Hamilton*

*4. J. N. Cockcroft and A. W. Triffitt*

*7. J. Hill and W. F. Mart*

*8. C. K. Phillips and C. R. Ellis*

*9. A. Seaton and H. Atkinson*

*10. D. B. W. Rogers and Maurice Fisher*

# Harrogate Golfers

## Monthly Medal Day at Pannal

# *Women's Golf:* By *Eleanor E. Helme*

# Exit 1933

*One of the nicest parties of 1933 was the Scottish Foursomes and Championship at Turnberry. Miss Enid Wilson, fresh from her Open triumph, came to play in the one and watch the other. Here she is (on the far right) with (left to right) Mrs. Walter Greenlees, Miss Jean McCulloch, and Mrs. J. B. Watson*

*All the holders of "Bystander" Foursomes in 1933 would more than fill a page, but here are a pair of them, Mrs. Herbert Guedalla (left), who won the Spring Medal for the third time. Her partner this year was Miss Rynart. The other smiling player on the right is Mrs. Fleming, who, with Mr. Gerald Russell, took Miss Wethered and Mr. Bernard Darwin to the twentieth at Worplesdon*

*Another cheerful occasion of 1933 was the English Championship, at Westward Ho! Miss Powell-Williams (left), the Devon champion, nearly sprang a surprise on Miss Garnham; Miss Dorrit Wilkins (right) was one of the Essex team who nearly did the same on Yorkshire when the County Finals were played*

DEAR BYSTANDER,

HERE we are, in the last week of the year, and my obvious duty is to save you all the trouble of thinking over the events of 1933, and to give you a résumé so that you will know exactly where you are if you should have to meet, and make small talk to, any of the distinguished people of 1933. Of course, if some kind soul has sent you one of those dear little diaries with winners of Championships in tabloid form, my trouble is going to be wasted, but, in any case, I refuse to be tabloid or tabulated. You shall merely have the things that stand out in my mind from the past year.

LONDON Foursomes always open the season, a short head behind the spring salmon. Mrs. Garon and Miss Joy Winn won them at Worplesdon, thereby confirming everybody's conviction that both are terribly good at hitting a partner's ball, and that any International Selection Committee which leaves Mrs. Garon out of foursomes is guilty of criminal negligence. If you think that too sweeping a statement consider, if you please, that she went on, a few weeks later, to be second for your own Spring Medal Foursomes, with Mrs. Clarke, with whom she won them the year before, and that she and Mrs. George Coats made a most gallant bid, playing from plus one, in the Autumn Foursomes, and also that she and Mr. Andrew McNair were runners-up at Worplesdon.

Next came Ranelagh and a triumph for Mrs. Guedalla, who won the Kitcat Medal with 67, going on, with Miss Regnart as her partner, to win your own Spring Medal Foursomes at Royal Mid-Surrey the following day. Then Moortown, for THE BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes, and a wonderful win for Mrs. A. P. Bland, whose name has long been one to conjure with in Yorkshire, and Mrs. Johnson, whose name may well be in the future. Nor must we forget the National Playing Fields' Association Cup, which took people across the road to Sand Moor, put £11-odd into the N.P.F.A. coffers, and went home in the keeping of Mrs. Platts.

Gleneagles Hotel, courses and Championship. An impression chiefly of glorious weather and scenery remains, and of what an extremely long way it was round the course, and how Miss Wilson doggedly played herself through some scrambling matches, when she looked as if anybody could beat her, and then, at the last lap of all, pulled out such stuff that it was patent nobody could. Miss Plumpton, standing up bravely to punishment in the final, Miss Doris Park and Miss Diana Fishwick, semi-finalists.

In June, Turnberry; more glorious weather and scenery, an English pair, Miss Firth and Miss Brown (now Mrs. H. V. Newton), daring to win the Scottish Foursomes, and Miss Millicent Couper to startle everybody (including herself) by winning the Scottish Championship. A very pleasant recollection, Turnberry.

SOON after came the International Match against France, of which one main recollection is the amazingly high quality of golf played by Mlle. Aline de Gunzbourg, and the sound victory which she and Mme. Munier each achieved in the singles.

Then a brief pause before the Girls' Championship was won, with really impressive golf, by Miss Jessie Anderson, who, I am pretty confident, will win a bigger championship than that before many years. Miss Enid Pears was a gallant runner-up. Then au revoir to Miss Molly Gourlay, Miss Diana Fishwick, Miss Diana Plumpton and Miss Pentony, under the wing of Miss Doris Chambers, for South Africa, and the rest of England settled down to the English County Finals, won by Yorkshire, and the English Championship at Westward Ho! Glorious weather again—we really have been lucky this year—glorious golf, played with a light-heartedness of which the weather may have been one cause. I fancy that this buoyancy also arose because the younger players felt they had more right to hope, with three of the leading lights out of the field. At any rate, they took their chances and, moreover, played just as good golf as any Championship could hope to see. Miss Dorothy Pearson's 75 in the morning of the final with Miss Mary Johnson only three down to it, showed emphatically what youth could do when it got the chance. So did Miss Lake and Miss Halsted by being semi-finalists.

A scurry back to Ranelagh, and again youth triumphant, until one got positively tired of the term. But it was really beautiful golf that Miss Mervyn and Miss Pam Barton played. So was that of Mrs. and Miss Rieben, who were runners-up to them. All sorts of thrills at Roehampton, too, before Miss D. F. Snook and Mrs. Forman won there.

AND then the thrill of the whole year, watching Miss Wethered doing what Mr. Bernard Darwin described as pulling another notorious partner through by the scruff of his neck, at Worplesdon. Miss Wethered played glorious golf, as good or better than ever before. Mr. Darwin did his share right nobly, which means on paper as well as on the course, and everybody was quite overcome with delight that he should have realised his ambition, and that Miss Wethered could play such golf in spite of the work which keeps her busy five days of the week.

Even then the season was not dead. There was the *Fairway and Hazard* Open Meeting, with all the laurels to Mrs. McLeod, and the Brocton Hall Foursomes with Miss Mary Beard and Mr. John Bloor winners; and last, but not least, the *Golf Illustrated* Cup, won by that sound Scottish player, Mrs. George Coats.

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.

*Do Golfers Make Good Companions? The Golf Ball, in Aid of*

# F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

## Defining An Amateur

OTHER people are being personal about the new definitions of what is and what is not an amateur, and a good deal of rot is being spoken on the subject. I had intended not to mention names, and not to discuss doubtful cases, until well into the New Year, in order to leave those who found themselves with a decision to make, alone to take it. I am forced out of this decency by the stupid criticisms which are being levelled (*a*) against the Royal and Ancient; (*b*) against certain young men, notably Jack McLean; and (*c*) against certain young women, notably Joyce Wethered.

There 's a fighting paragraph for you! And if you want some more, you had better read on. I 'm fed up with the carping spirit which seems to be rampant just at the moment: more than that, I 'm FED UP. When something is pretty good, why damn it? And why, of all things in the world, pretend not to understand it? If this new rule, not defining an amateur, but defining what is not an amateur, has a virtue, it is clarity; there can be no mistaking who will be accepted for the Amateur Championships of the future, and who will not, *if the Championship Committee can prove it.* That is the only snag, and it is the same old snag. So there, Miss Helme. (Sorry, but you started it!)

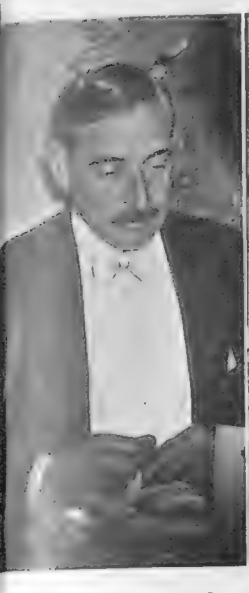
FIRST, let us take those who criticise the Royal and Ancient. I have noticed that they are all the same people who clamoured for a new definition, who went prowling and barking at the heels of the Championship Committee, and the Rules Committee, and who love nothing better than their own shrill voices. Personally, as I said on this page not so long ago, to me there seemed no necessity for any new regulation or ruling. But, in their inspired wisdom, the Royal and Ancient thought otherwise, and they have produced a sort of negative definition which, to me, seems very fair. Nobody who does not deserve to is going to suffer in any way; after all, the actions of Jack McLean and Joyce Wethered laid both of these illustrious people open to adverse legislation, and they knew it very well: they cannot plead ignorance of their hazardous status. But of them, more later.

IT seems to me that those who criticise the Royal and Ancient over this question are forgetting a most important point, which is, that the Club asked for and received the approval of the Home Unions, the Empire Unions, and the United States authorities before publishing its definition. So if you criticise the Club, you must also criticise all these Unions. As for myself, I do not criticise: if the thing had to be done at all (which I have already indicated I think doubtful), then I am prepared to congratulate all concerned—even the English Golf Union, for its small part. It is as good and as lenient a definition as could have been invented, and it suffers only from one thing—the insuperable difficulty, in many cases, of proving the possible doubts. But any definition, no matter how magnificently worded, would have been bound to have fallen down over this very point, anyway, and so we arrive at a position where nothing much has been done; but there is no doubt now about what should be done. Public opinion is sometimes quite a useful help to the right people, and may very well prove an ally here.

One small criticism one might make: How does a man ever start? I am sure Henry Longhurst will forgive me for taking him as an example, for he is a very good one, and is perfectly safe, now, since he is a professional, and (if I may say so) an excellent journalist. He left Cambridge, having captained the University at golf, and made some little name for himself at the game. He was looking for a job. He could write, and he started to write about golf. Later, his Cambridge blue and his writing ability found him some very good billets, which he duly adorns at the moment.

VERY well. But supposing the Cambridge captain of *next* year decides to start writing, and supposing he can write. There is no denying that his blue will help him to get the job, no matter how expertly or inexpertly he may wield a pen. Tell me, is he an amateur or is he not? Can he have three months' trial, say, to see whether journalism is his job in life? *How* can he start without putting himself under suspicion?

I think I can tell you the answer: Leave it to the Royal and Ancient. They may be slow, they may be cumbersome in their methods, but at least they



*St. Mary's Hospital, Answers the Question*

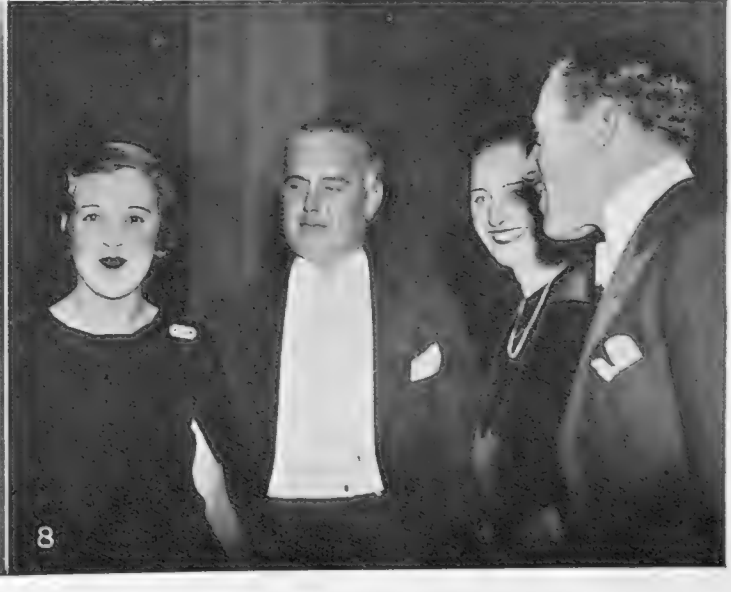
are supremely honest and very fair. The new definition proves all that.

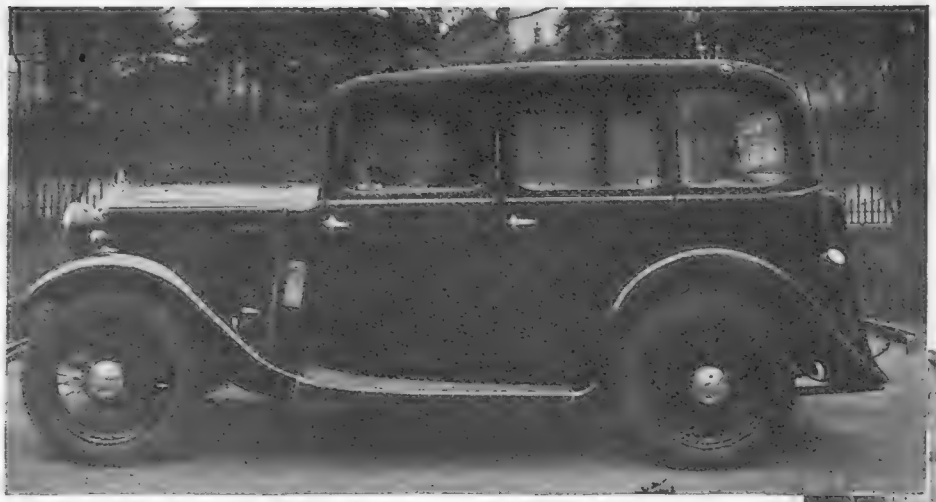
Now for Jack McLean. The issue is perfectly clear to me: he is in a job which he can retain provided he is not sent round by his firm to exploit his golf for its benefit. It 's a very thin line, but that seems to me to be the perfectly obvious answer. I believe that he was recently transferred from the golf-ball department to some other department in an attempt to evade any possibility of losing his status. That doesn't seem to matter very much; what does matter is that he must not exploit his golfing ability, on or off the links, in order to further the ends of his employers if he wishes again to compete in the Amateur Championship.

As for Miss Joyce Wethered, her case is perfectly clear as well. She is, without question, a professional if she continues to work for her Piccadilly employers. She can invent clubs and have them sold: that is perfectly all right. But she must not go and work in the shop every day and help customers to choose clubs and to buy golfing goods. She would never have got the job if she had not been *the* Miss Wethered, and that settles it; she is quite undoubtedly exploiting Miss Wethered's golfing ability.

And, finally, a word about a grand golfer, in Andrew McNair. Why shouldn't we have the pleasure of his good-natured rivalry in the Amateur Championship? For no good reason at all: *he* has never exploited his ability, on or off the links.

*The Golf Ball, held at Grosvenor House, in aid of the Extension Appeal Fund of St. Mary's Hospital, is an annual gala event with Colonel Bogey's regiment. (1) Mrs. Deuchar and Mr. John de Forest. (2) Mr. Guy Harbin talking to Mrs. Howard Robinson and Mrs. Weeks. (3) Miss Joyce Wethered and Captain O'Brien. (4) Mrs. Gerald Tagart and Miss Dorothea Pearson. (5) Mrs. Carl Bendix, Mr. T. Philipson, and Mrs. Kenneth Milne. (6) Miss Rabbidge and Mr. E. A. Brook. (7) Brig.-General A. C. Critchley and Mrs. Shurey. (8) Mrs. Beryl Mills, Mr. Cyril Tolley, and Mr. and Mrs. Gerard Fairlie. (9) Mr. Roger Wethered. (10) Mrs. Eustace Storey and Mr. G. D. Hannay, the Chairman of the Ball. (11) Mrs. Charles Sweeny and Mr. Dale Bourn*





*Left: the 9-h.p. Wolseley carries a saloon body which is of a very generous size for so small a chassis. The down-swept lines at the back follow out a modern fashion*

*Below: the engine is a very lively little unit, capable of a vigorous performance. The radiator filler-cap, as is common practice, placed underneath the bonnet*

# Cars with a Personality

## *The 9-h.p. Wolseley*

## By The Earl of Cardigan

WHERE are the "baby" cars of yester-year? It was not very long ago that a 9-h.p. saloon was considered quite a miniature type of motor-car, with coachwork liable to bulge somewhat if four large people succeeded in squeezing into it. Owners, offering one a lift, would say: "Of course, my car is only a 'nine.' Still, if you don't mind a bit of a squash . . ."

NOWADAYS, one does not think of a light car as being "only a 'nine.'" One certainly cannot take up this attitude in regard to the 9-h.p. Wolseley. Here is a little car which, if it overhangs slightly at the back, does quite definitely offer accommodation for four full-scale adults. Even when the front seat is pushed back for the benefit of a long-legged driver, there still remains plenty of space for the two back-seat passengers.

IN road performance, the same standard of efficiency is maintained. The small four-cylinder engine is very well up to its work. Its acceleration is lively, and the car is a good 5 m.p.h. faster than one might expect. Thus, it reaches 45 m.p.h. in third, and about 65 m.p.h. in top gear. These are distinctly high speeds for a 9-h.p. model carrying such substantial coachwork. High "revs.," of course, are involved, but vibration has been eliminated to a notable extent.

THE gearbox is of a well-proven type, having synchro-mesh third and top gears. Theoretically, it is impossible to engage these ratios other than silently, but in practice an abrupt change, badly timed, is definitely audible. To obtain perfect results, it is necessary to move the gear-lever moderately slowly. When this is done, however, the two higher gears may be considered fully fool-proof. First gear and second are ordinary, straightforward ratios, although neither presents any real difficulty.

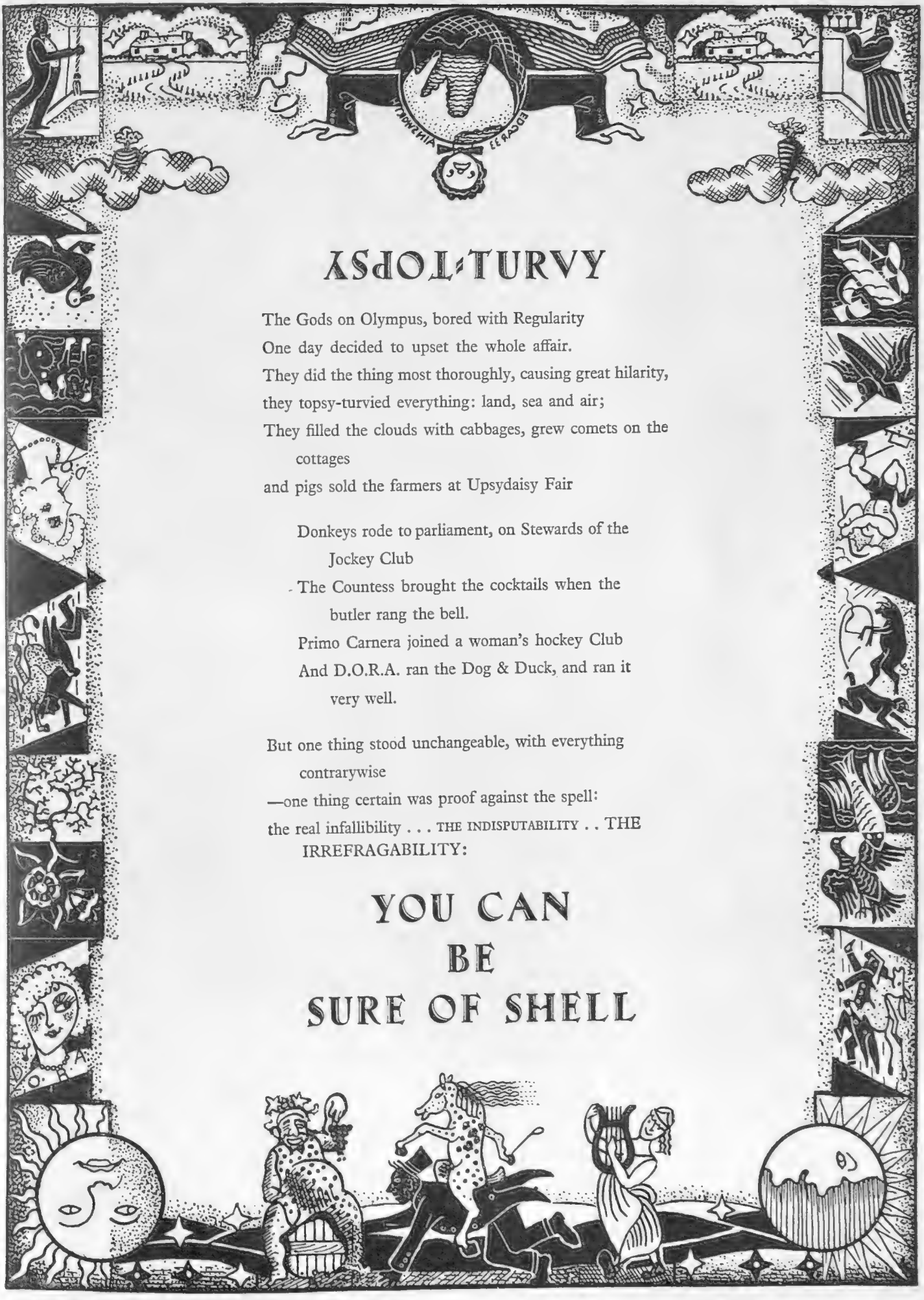
THE four-wheel brakes are hydraulic, and the hand-brake has the merit of being well and conveniently placed. Ample stopping power is available, and there is no need for the driver to be nervous of applying his brakes instantly and firmly. The steering is pleasant, and the springing, for a car of relatively short wheel-base, is distinctly good.

A CONVENIENT chassis feature is the arrangement of the self-starting mechanism. There is no separate starter-pedal, but the starting motor is engaged when the driver first presses the accelerator. One movement is, therefore, completely eliminated in setting the car in motion, and provision is naturally made for the starter to disengage itself automatically as soon as the engine commences to run.

A COACHWORK asset is the shallow compartment behind the back seat. In this the spare wheel is stored—out of the way, yet readily accessible. The back panel of the compartment hinges down, forming a very useful luggage-carrier. The price of the complete car must be considered very moderate, the saloon model being listed at £179.

*For a 9 h.p. car, the amount of space provided for the back-seat passengers is highly creditable. There is plenty of leg-room, and the seating position is a very comfortable one*

*Here is an excellent plan for housing the spare wheel. It takes up very little useful space, and a substantial luggage-carrier is formed by the back panel, when lowered*



# TOPSY-TURVY

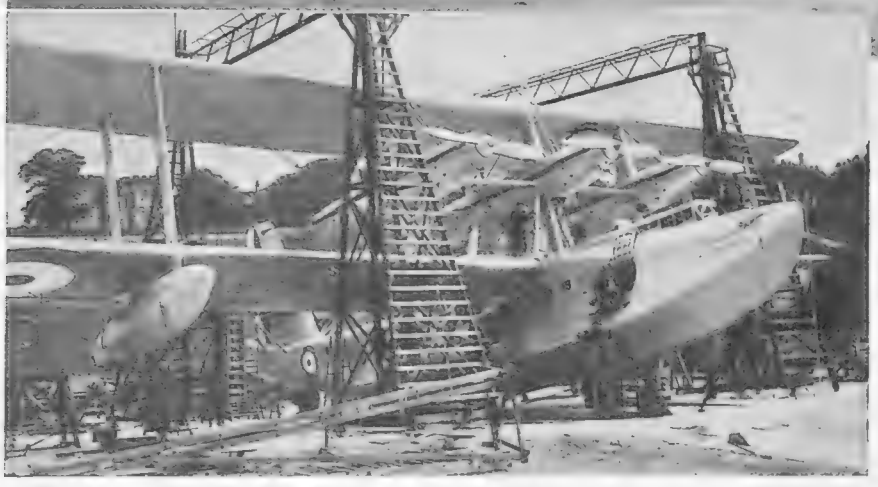
The Gods on Olympus, bored with Regularity
One day decided to upset the whole affair.
They did the thing most thoroughly, causing great hilarity,
they topsy-turvied everything: land, sea and air;
They filled the clouds with cabbages, grew comets on the cottages
and pigs sold the farmers at Upsydaisy Fair

Donkeys rode to parliament, on Stewards of the Jockey Club
The Countess brought the cocktails when the butler rang the bell.
Primo Carnera joined a woman's hockey Club
And D.O.R.A. ran the Dog & Duck, and ran it very well.

But one thing stood unchangeable, with everything contrarywise
—one thing certain was proof against the spell:
the real infallibility . . . THE INDISPUTABILITY . . THE IRREFRAGABILITY:

## YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

*'Planes at Juhu Aerodrome, Bombay, the headquarters of the Tata Air Mail, which connects with the trans-Continental service at Karachi and serves Madras and other centres in Southern India. An extension to Colombo and a line to Calcutta are planned*



*An R.A.F. flying-boat on the stocks at Short Brothers' yard, Rochester. This machine stands more than 30 feet in height, weighs 33 tons, and has Rolls-Royce engines of a total of 6000 horse-power*

# What's in the Air for 1934?

By Capt. C. E. Ward

### *A Flying New Year*

AVIATION has good prospects for 1934. First of all, we have it on the authority of the Secretary of State for Air that the R.A.F. will be enlarged, which means more work for the factories, and therefore more encouragement to the Industry to spend money on civil aeroplanes. In time, competition will bring down the cost of flying for the individual who wants to run his own 'plane. At the moment, the heaviest items are first cost, insurance, and the expense of annual overhauls made necessary by present regulations. Private flying is almost at a standstill, very largely because of the lack of aerodromes, and here again 1934 should see a very large increase in their numbers as a result of the Prince of Wales's appeal. Commercial air transport has proved its worth over and over again. Only a fortnight ago, air-liners to and from the Continent were flying almost to schedule when the cross-Channel steamers were held up in port on account of gales. The Imperial route to Australia will be opened next year, and we shall possess two of the longest air-lines in the world. That civil aviation can be a profitable business is shown by the balance-sheet of the de Havilland Company, but this is an isolated case, most of the Industry still relying on Government orders for its profits. Eventually, the reverse will be true, as in the ship-building industry, where the tonnage of boats from liners down to skiffs far exceeds that of men-of-war.

### *Learn to Fly at the Government's Expense*

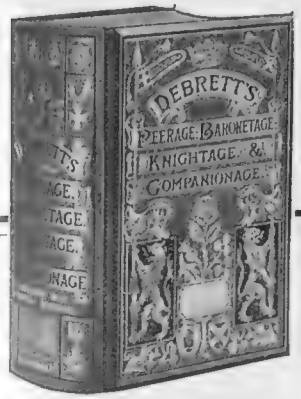
"EARN while you learn" would be more descriptive of the R.A.F. Reserve scheme, but it sounds too much like an advertisement for a correspondence course in journalism, that profession which is supposed to be open to everyone possessed of pen, ink, and paper. The Air Ministry announces sixty vacancies in the Reserve during the next few months, these to be filled by direct entrants from civil life, who need have no experience of flying. Applicants must be less than twenty-five years of age, physically fit, and should apply for Pamphlet 14 from the Secretary of the Air Ministry at Adastral House, as this gives full particulars with the necessary forms. Those chosen are paid £1 a day during the training period and a retaining fee of £25 a year for five years, this being the initial length of service required. The instructional course consists of fifty hours' flying, which must be carried out in a maximum time of three months, ten hours' flying during the remainder of the first year and thereafter, twenty hours' flying annually with a short course at a Regular Squadron. Training is given at the civilian schools of A.S.T., at Hamble, de Havillands', at Hatfield, Blackburns', at Brough, and Bristols', at Bristol; types used being the Tiger Moth, the Avro Cadet, and the Blackburn Trainer. A few vacancies also exist for holders of "A" Licences, who will be considered up to their twenty-eighth birthday, but must pass a flying test to prove their skill.

### *Set a Dragon to Catch a Dragon*

THE monster reputed to be lurking in Loch Ness has a price on its head, if caught and delivered alive, of £20,000, but up to the time of going to press no one has even got a photograph of the beast. Evidently the wrong tactics have been adopted and the time seems ripe for new methods. I would advocate that a Dragon be fitted with floats so that it can operate from the water of the Loch, and be used to trail the bait—a large piece of dragon's meat, whatever that may be—from one side to the other, the machine to fly just above the surface so that the monster will not be alarmed. If and when it is observed to take the bait, the machine must land at once, whereupon, a fast motor-boat, stationed off-shore with engines running, will proceed at high speed to secure the quarry. The large reward offered should be sufficient to tempt the Scottish Flying Club, the only representative of the movement north of the Border, Scottish Motor Traction, and Midland and Scottish Air Ferries, both of which companies have large numbers of aircraft available, to join forces in the interests of science and the aforesaid reward.

### *'Planes for Business and Pleasure*

SHELL-MEX has taken delivery of a Leopard Moth, bought through Brian Lewis's company which has the concession for a large part of England. The Shell organisation was the first in the country to use aircraft for business purposes and maintains a small fleet to keep in touch with its agents and to set a good example to buyers generally. Banco, of Heston, has added one of the three-engined Ford all-metal liners to its taxi rank, this being an ideal machine to cater for large parties to race meetings, Le Touquet, Deauville, and other centres of amusement. Wrightson and Pearse, of Heston, offer a "fly yourself" hire service at very low rates. A Moth and an Avian form the nucleus of this service, charges being £2 a day.

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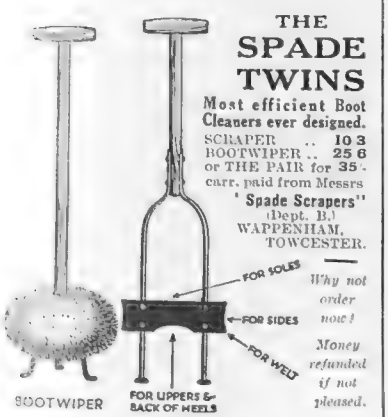


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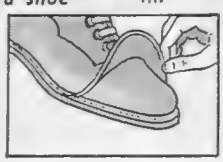

*This diagram shows the principle of "a shoe within a shoe" and how the outer upper is carried over the sole, seals the welt where the inner upper meets it, and is secured to upper edge of sole and heel seat by stout waxed cord.*

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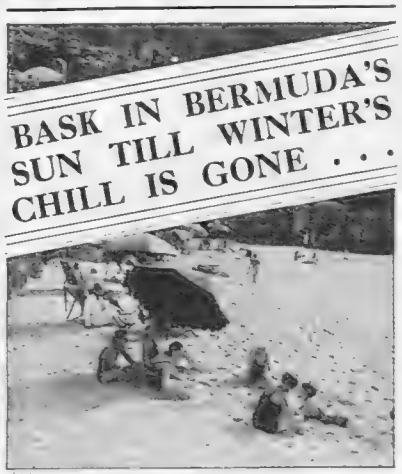

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**BERMUDA**

*Mid-ocean Paradise of Natural Charm*

# Sport with the Lid Off *(Continued from page 624)*

the dissatisfied faction from the North will have carried the day. It will, indeed, be a tragedy for boxing if the Stewards resign, but, somehow, I think they will be persuaded to remain in office. In the meanwhile, the Harvey-Petersen fight has somewhat restored the prestige of the heavy-weight side of the business, and Harvey does not know which way to turn to avoid the shower of offers now pouring down upon him. Incidentally, disregard the rumours that a fight between Carpentier and Harvey is to be arranged. This is all nonsense, and I think we have had enough of the Carpentier come-back now.

THE fight between Jackie Brown and Ginger Foran for the fly-weight championship was a poor affair, by the way. Foran was outclassed, and Brown was theatrical. A great little fighter, Brown, but I do wish he would resist the temptation to play to the gallery. It will land him in trouble one day, and I hope he will have conquered it by the time he fights Midget Wolgast again. These two boys may meet in February, according to the latest reports, and Brown will not start favourite.

ONE more boxing note—the International Boxing Union have at last recognised Jack Hood as welter-weight champion of Europe, after his victory over Adrien Aneet. As the contest took place last May it is a little difficult to understand why the I.B.U. have been so reluctant to give Hood his due.

FINALLY, I 'm interested in the news that Sidney Lee, the amateur billiards champion, has decided to turn professional. This has been on the cards for a long time, for Lee is in a class by himself among the amateurs, and his amateur record break of 433 entitles us to suppose that, with hard match practice, he may do well in the professional ranks. He has a hard row to hoe, though, for the money in the professional game is not so good as it was. Still, to that extent it is just as well that Lee is going over: his appearance may stimulate fresh public interest in billiards.

Who would you say was the greatest amateur the game has ever known? A difficult question, perhaps—though the answer, as I see it, is perfectly clear. Surely L. Steeples was the best of the lot, and I have always particularly regretted his premature retirement through ill-health.

*Blackheath beat Richmond on the Rectory Field*

*Left: A. S. G. Thompson, the Blackheath back, picking up near the corner-flag and preventing a try being scored. Right: A. L. Novis, the International three-quarter, getting away with the ball. Blackheath won by seventeen points to fifteen*

# The Editor's Box

*Champagne—*

All those who are interested in champagne will be glad to know that Messrs. Bollinger have now shown their 1928 vintage wine, which is universally recognised as being of exceptionally fine quality, and is, in the opinion of Messrs. Bollinger, the finest wine shipped since 1904. Every champagne-drinker remembers the superb qualities of the vintage of that year—and now, in the Bollinger 1928, there is available a wine fully comparable to its great forerunner.

*A picture of Clemson and Valerie, the well-known exhibition dancers, doing a turn at the Palace Hotel, Torquay, where they are dance host and hostess. They claim to have one of the biggest repertoires among European pairs of dancers, and at the Palace Hotel they vary their show two or three times a week so that even visitors who are staying in the hotel for three or four weeks are always seeing new dances*

*—and Liqueurs*

Grant's liqueurs have long been a regular feature at Christmas and New Year parties, and, in fact, make a perfect New Year present to any household. Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy has a century's reputation for wonderful quality, and the Sloe Gin and Ginger Brandy run it very close in popularity. This firm's Invictamint Crême de Menthe is another liqueur which has had a great popular success and is often chosen for its amazingly soft and digestive properties. Bottles and half-bottles of these liqueurs can be obtained from all wine merchants, and Messrs. Thomas Grant and Sons, Maidstone, Kent, will supply direct a case containing three bottles.

*All entries for* THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON DECEMBER

Name { Mrs. / Miss } .....

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# What's On



## "The Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

## THE THEATRE

### Plays

ANGEL.—A Hungarian play which, in the Anglicised edition, becomes too artificial, but still provides a part into which Mary Newcombe can infuse the vitality and richness of her personality: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Fri., 2.30.

CABBAGES AND KINGS.—Cyril Maude's cheerful humanity as the centre-piece of Forzano's gay and romantic comedy: Ambassador's, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. Christmas Matinées, Dec. 26, 27, 28, 30, 2.30.

THE CHERRY ORCHARD.—The Old Vic production, with Charles Laughton heading the cast, revived for a Christmas run: Sadler's Wells, 8.

CHRISTOPHER BEAN, THE LATE.—The discovery of a lost masterpiece upsets Cedric Hardwicke and all his family; only Edith Evans and her Welsh accent remain more or less unperturbed: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., and Dec. 28, 2.30.

ESCAPE ME NEVER!—Elisabeth Bergner acts brilliantly, but the erratic Bohemianism of Marguerite Kennedy's play about the Sangers allows her only limited opportunities to demonstrate the greatness of her art: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FRESH FIELDS.—Lilian Braithwaite and Ellis Jeffreys inimitable in Ivor Novello's comedy: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30. Dec. 30, 2.30.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.—Marie Tempest and W. Graham Browne as the old folks, and Margaret Rawlings and Nora Swinburne as some of the young, in H. M. Harwood's new comedy: Queen's.

ON THE ROCKS.—Bernard Shaw points his satiric finger at Downing Street; in the cast are Nicholas Hannen, Ellen Pollock and Lewis Casson: Winter Garden, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.15.

PROSCENIUM.—Ivor Novello acts in his own play all about actors and actresses in more or less private life, with Fay Compton, Zena Dare, and Joan Barry: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30. Dec. 28, 2.30.

RICHARD OF BORDEAUX.—History burnished and subtly modernised to make one of the most successful plays of the year; John Gielgud and Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies head the excellent cast: New, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.—A revival of Clifford Bax's play about that so-fashionable monarch, Henry VIII., with Frank Vosper again as the King: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN.—Robert Donat, Doris Fordred and Ernest Thesiger, a brilliant trio in James Bridie's play on the roundabouts and swings of heredity: Piccadilly, 8.30. Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.30. Dec. 28, 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30. Dec. 28, 2.30.

### With Music

BALL AT THE SAVOY.—Musical comedy on sumptuous lines, mostly imported: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Christmas Matinées, Dec. 26, 27, 28, 30, 2.30.

BEAU BRUMMEL.—Harry Welchman in a musical play, produced by Sir Nigel Playfair: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GAY DIVORCE.—Fred Astaire dances as only he can, with Claire Luce to back him up; they have Cole Porter's songs to sing: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Jan. 1, 2.30.

GIVE ME A RING.—A musical comedy that does just what you 'd expect, except that Will Fyffe and Flanagan and Allen give you an extra laugh: Hippodrome, 8.15. Wed, Sat., 2.30.

LILAC TIME.—With Helen Gilliland, Derek Oldham, and W. H. Berry: Alhambra, 8.15.

THE MAGIC FLUTE.—With Noel Eadie: Old Vic, 8.

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MUSIC IN THE AIR.—All the traditional charm, light-hearted romance and musicality of the Austrian Tyrol as a contrast for the sophistication and polish of Mary Ellis's delightful performance: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NICE GOINGS ON.—The best laughing show that 's on; Leslie Henson never gives his audience a solemn moment Robertson Hare and Zelma O'Neal do their share: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NYMPH ERRANT.—Gertrude Lawrence from start to finish; if you like her, you 'll like this. Cole Porter's music again, and a super-Cochran cast and setting: Adelphi, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ON WITH THE SHOW.—A spectacular one at that, with Betty Frankiss, Patrick Waddington, Marjorie Lottinga, and a few more: Prince's, 8.15 and 2.30.

PLEASE!—Beatrice Lillie's perfect sense of humour and impudent mimicry framed in the light entertainment of Charlot's revue: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THAT 'S A PRETTY THING.—A musical farce about stolen necklaces, with George Gee untiring in humour and invention as the chief robber: Daly's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., and Jan. 1, 2.30.

### Mirth and Mystery

AFTERWARDS.—Walter Hackett mixes crookery with farce, Marion Lorne, Ronald Squire, and Gordon Harker topping the cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LABURNUM GROVE.—Edmund Gwen as the family-man who may or may not be a crook, and Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's entertaining mystery-comedy: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. Christmas Matinées, Dec. 26, 27, 28, 30, 2.30.

LADIES' NIGHT.—An Aldwych farce without the usual flavour; even Sydney Howard finds his famous hands rather empty: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A PRESENT FROM MARGATE.—A farcical comedy with unlikely Society and would-be-Society people doing unlikely things, by Ian Hay and A. E. W. Mason; Reginald Gardiner, Joyce Bland and Marda Vanne head the cast: Shaftesbury, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting the clock back nearly saved his skin; Robert Douglas in his original part: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Christmas Week, twice daily.

WHILE PARENTS SLEEP.—Anthony Kimmins' first play still raises a theatre-full of laughs: Playhouse, 8.40. Wed., Fri., Sat., 2.40.

WHISTLING IN THE DARK.—An American gangster play, with some ingenious double-plotting and a well-contrived escape; exciting enough for the unsophisticated: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

WITHOUT WITNESS.—A new mystery play with a murder, by Anthony Armstrong and Harold Simpson: Embassy, 8.15.

### Christmas Fare

ALF'S BUTTON.—Musical version: Kingsway.

ALICE AND THOMAS AND JANE: Westminster. Daily 2.30, and some evenings.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: Duke of York's. Matinées only.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.—Pantomime: Scala.

BUCKIE'S BEARS: Playhouse. Matinées only.

CHARLEY'S AUNT.—First revival for three years: Gaiety. Twice daily, 2.30, 8.15.

CHILDREN'S REVUE: Grafton Theatre.

DADDY LONG LEGS: Victoria Palace.

HANSEL AND GRETEL.—With Victoria Hopper and Leslie French: Cambridge Theatre, 2.30 and 8.30.

JEAN STERLING MACKINLAY.—The Reluctant Dragon, King John's Christmas, and some new mimes: Rudolf Steiner Hall, from Dec. 28. Matinées.

MASKELYNE'S MYSTERIES: Little Theatre, 2.30 and 8.15

PETER PAN.—With Jean Forbes Robertson as Peter: Palladium. Matinées only.

QUEEN OF HEARTS.—Pantomime: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

TOAD OF TOAD'S HALL: Royalty. Matinées only.

TREASURE ISLAND.—Reginald Bach as Pew, Malcolm Keen as Long John Silver: Comedy. Matinées only.

WHAT HAPPENED TO GEORGE: Wyndham's. Daily, 2.30, and some evenings.

WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD: Fortune. Twice daily.

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS: Holborn Empire, 2.30.

## CINEMAS

ALICE IN WONDERLAND.—An American film version based on Tenniel's illustrations of Lewis Carroll's book, with an all-star cast, headed by Charlotte Henry as Alice: Plaza and all Paramount theatres.

AUNT SALLY: Tivoli.

THE BOWERY.—A three star film, with Wallace Beery, George Raft and Jackie Cooper: New Gallery.

DICK TURPIN.—The highwayman's adventures make a good holiday film: Marble Arch Pavilion.

EMIL AND THE DETECTIVE.—Heads the special children's programme, which includes "Thy Servant the Horse," and a Dickensian fantasy: Cinema House.

I 'M NO ANGEL.—Mae West upholds Hollywood tradition by being hard-boiled and soft-hearted; "Santa's Workshop" is a new Silly Symphony: Carlton.

LADY FOR A DAY.—May Robson as an old apple-woman who becomes a Society dame for a day: Coliseum.

LA MATERNELLE.—Continues its run, with "Quartorze Juillet" in a double programme: Academy.

L'ORDONNANCE.—Another French film: Marcelle Chantal is the star: Rialto.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII.—Charles Laughton and a cavalcade of Queens, under Alexander Korda's direction, produce a great English picture: Leicester Square.

RED WAGON.—Raquel Torres, Greta Nissen and Charles Bickford in the film version of Eleanor Smith's circus-life novel: Regal.

TURKEY TIME.—Another Tom Walls Ralph Lynn farce filmed: Capitol.

## CIRCUSES

INTERNATIONAL CIRCUS.—Bertram Mills's great annual feature: Olympia, 2.30 and 7.30.

CIRCUS AND WORLD'S FAIR: Agricultural Hall.

GRAND CONTINENTAL CIRCUS: Crystal Palace.

## DANCING

### In the Restaurants

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—"Hutch" (Leslie Hutchinson) sings and plays; Lew Stone's band; extension night, Friday.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Gwen Farrar entertains, and, at the piano, Anne de Nys; Billy Gerhardi and his band; special extension night, New Year's Eve.

CHEZ QUAGLINO.—Seversky, the Singing Pilot, is the attraction here; Van Straten's band plays for dancing; extension night, Wednesday

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—"Les Girls" (New York Midnight Follies), plus some new beauties over from New York, are as dazzling as ever; Jack Jackson's band.

MONSEIGNEUR.—Douglas Byng back at one of his old haunts, from Boxing Day; Jack Harris makes the dance music; extension night, Thursday.

PICCADILLY.—Wilfred Worden, the fifteen-year-old musical genius, Lucienne and Ashour, adagio dancers, Flack and Lucas, a pair of comedy dancers, make up the entertainment; extension night, Friday.

### In the Ballrooms

CHELSEA ARTS CLUB BALL.—Albert Hall, Jan. 1.

## SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS: Suffolk Street, Pall Mall.

## SPORT

"RUGGER."—Harlequins v. The Army: Twickenham, Dec. 30.

Wales v. Australia: Wembley, Dec. 30.

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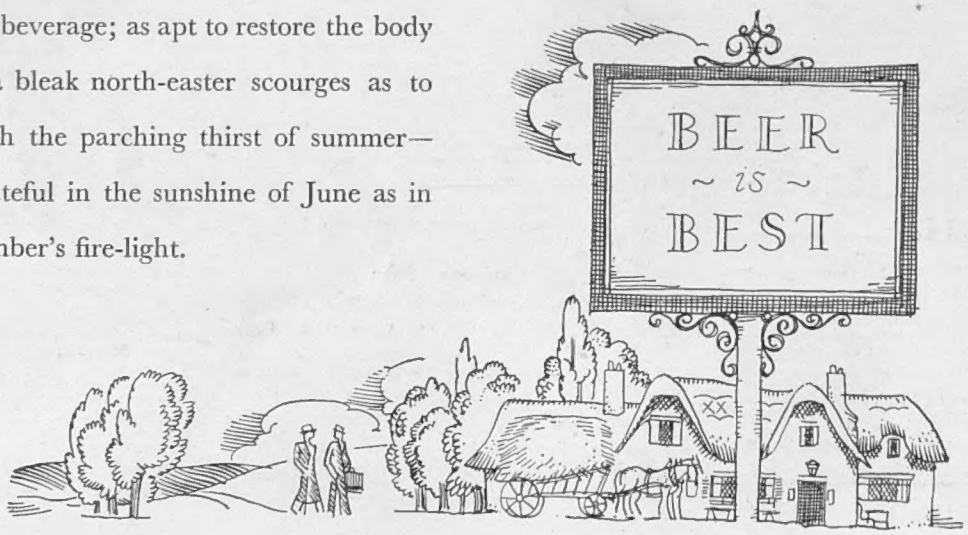

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THE NEW STYLE MAGAZINE — JAN ISSUE ON SALE JAN 1

3312 P146


# I CAME, I SAW, I CONQUERED—

## *Old Tales Re-told*

*Written and Illustrated by*
*F. MATANIA, R.I.*

"This strange tale is not strange to you nor strange to me. It is common history to both of us; you, because you derive — for all your inevitable admixture of Latin, Saxon, Norman and Dane—from the Ancient Briton; I, because I spring — no matter how remotely — from the race of the Cæsars.

I cannot resist the temptation to present pictorially, instead of mythically, one or two aspects of that incredible clash of Roman steel on British flint which was to light such a candle that we live in its rays to-day; that clash whose heat was to fuse the Celtic and the Latin elements into that mystical compound which to-day rules half the world.

To-day one may see relics of that high civilisation of antiquity: the mosaics of St. Albans; the thermal springs of our spas; half the words in our very dictionaries—but what witness, save for a few dusty flints, remains of the Holy War waged by Ancient Britain against the invader? What token endures of the obstinate valour which gave Julius Cæsar, heading the undefeated legions of soon-to-be-imperial Rome, more food for military thought than even his colossal capacity could gladly relish?

But the victors themselves have left enough material to enable me to reconstruct an accurate close-up of those insuperably spirited warriors called by the culture of the Mediterranean *barbari* —those whose tongue sounded, to ears attuned to the cadence of the sonorous periods of the Classics, a mere babel of Bar-Bar-Bar—barbarians.

A great patriotism animated the Britons . . . "